

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 855.—20 October, 1860.

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☞ In a scrap published in No. 853 we are sorry to have overlooked an expression derogatory to the administration which preceded that of Governor Banks in Massachusetts. Had one single syllable been erased justice to all parties would have been done, as the reforms spoken of are explicitly stated to have been begun under Governor Gardner's administration.

NEW BOOKS.

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS: being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents; an Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers; and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tindale, F.R.S. Boston, Ticknor and Fields.

THE ODES OF HORACE, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, with a Life and Notes. By Theodore Martin. Boston, Ticknor and Fields.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF BONVERIE; or, The Elixir of Gold. A Romance. By a Southern Lady.

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

—THOMAS HOOD.

"Dark lowers our fate
And terrible the storm that gathers o'er us,
But nothing, till that latest agony
That severs thee from nature shall unloose
The fixed and sacred hold; in thy dark prison
house,

In the terrific face of armed law,
Yes, on the scaffold, if it needs must be.
I never will forsake thee."—JOANNA BAILLIE.

New York, Derby and Jackson.

LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S. New York, Derby and Jackson.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

BATTLE OF ERIE. 1813.

AVAST, honest Jack, now before you get mellow,
Come, tip us that stave just, my hearty old fellow,
'Bout the young Commodore and his fresh-water
crew,

Who keel-hauled the Britons and captured a few.

'Twas just at sunrise and a glorious day,
Our squadron at anchor snug in Put-in-Bay,
When we saw the bold Britons, and clear for a
bout.

Instead of put in, by the Lord, we put out.

Up went Union Jack, never up there before,
"Don't give up the ship," was the motto it bore;
And as soon as that motto our gallant men saw,
They thought of their Lawrence, and shouted
huzza!

Oh! then 'twould have raised your hat three
inches higher,

To see how we dashed in among them like fire!
The Lawrence went first, and the rest as they
could,

And a long while the brunt of the action she
stood!

'Twas peppering work—fire, fury, and smoke,
And groans that from wounded lads spite of 'em
broke;

The water grew red round our ship as she lay,
Though 'twas never before so till that bloody
day.

They fell all around me like spars in a gale;
The shot made a sieve of each rag of a sail:
And out of our crew scarce a dozen remained;
But these gallant tars still the battle maintained.

'Twas then our commander—God bless his
young heart!

Thought it best from his well-peppered ship to
depart,

And bring up the rest who were tugging be-
hind—

For why—they were sadly in want of a wind.

So to Yarnall he gave the command of his ship,
And set out like a lark on this desperate trip,
In a small open sail, right through their whole
fleet,

Who with many a broad-side our cock-boat did
greet.

I steered her, and damme if every inch
Of these timbers of mine at each crack didn't
flinch;

But our tight little Commodore, cool and serene,
To stir ne'er a muscle by any was seen.

Whole volleys of muskets were levelled at him,
But the devil a one ever grazed e'en a limb.
Though he stood up aloft in the stern of the boat
Till the crew pulled him down by the tail of his
coat.

At last through Heaven's mercy we gained
t'other ship,
And the wind springing up we gave her the whip,

And run down their line, boys, through thick
and through thin,
And bothered their crews with a horrible din.

Then starboard and larboard, and this way and
that,

We banged them, and raked them, and laid their
masts flat,

Till one after t'other they hauled down their flag,
And an end, for that time, put to Johnny Bull's
brag.

The Detroit and Queen Charlotte and Lady
Prevost,

Not able to fight or run, gave up the ghost;
And not one of them all from our grapplings
got free,

Though we'd fifty-four guns and they just sixty-
three.

Now give us a bumper to Elliot, and those
Who came up in good time to belabor our foes;
To our fresh-water sailors we'll top off one more,
And a dozen, at least, to our young Commodore.

And though Britons may brag of their ruling the
ocean,

And that sort of thing, by the Lord, I've a no-
tion—

I'll bet all I'm worth—who takes it, who takes!
Though they're lords of the sea, we'll be lords of
the lakes.

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

WHAT a blunder to talk of Napoleon the Great!
No offence to the head of a neighboring state;
The Napoleon here meant is Napoleon the First,
By whose plague of war-locusts all Europe was
cursed.

Napoleon the Slayer, Napoleon the Thief,
His idol was glory, which brought him to grief;
Great mischief he did—there his greatness I own.
Must we honor old Nick for his fiery throne?

If the spirit that did, in the flesh, demon's work,
Is under our tables permitted to lurk,
There's a question to which I would bid it reply,
By raps, if I could, and not rap out a lie.

I'd ask it, now glory's true worth it has known,
Would it have Garibaldi's renown or its own;
Its career yet to run, if its choice it could make
Between fighting for Conquest and Liberty's
sake?

The hero who battles for Freedom and Right,
Is Day to the self-seeking Conqueror's Night;
Of the first let the memory be sweet as the rose:
Of the other a deathless offence to the nose.

I'm content with my cudgel and proud of my
hunch,

But I'd be Garibaldi if I were not *Punch*.
Despise, World, the monsters that filled thee
with groans;

Extol the subverter of tyrannous thrones!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THE family to which the late Sir Robert Peel belonged, lays no claim to ancestral dignity or knightly renown. It is one of those good old English stocks, a yeoman's household, the members of which have been well described as at once too high for the office of constable, and too low for that of sheriff. Originally settled at East Marten, in Craven parish, it transferred itself, about the year 1600, in the persons of William Peel and his three brothers, to a farmstead near Blackburn, in Lancashire, the name of which is ominous of miasmata and hypochondriacal humors, for the place is still called De Hole, or Hoyle House. This house in the hole William Peel rented, with a farm attached to it, under a renewable lease, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he left it at his demise as an inheritance to his children.

It was a grandson of this William Peel who may be truly said to have founded the family from which our great statesman derived his descent. His name was Robert. He became a manufacturer of woollen cloths at Blackburn, and succeeded so well in business that he was able, by his will, which was registered in the archdeaconry of Richmond, to bequeath to each of his several daughters "nine score pounds." Sir Lawrence tells us that the cloth which he wove "was stamped with patterns from wooden blocks, on which they were cut;" and that "some of these blocks were seen by my father, lying neglected in a lumber-room in his grandfather's house." We are not surprised that the late chief-justice of Madras should express regret that the blocks in question were suffered to disappear. Rude as they were, they would have doubtless attracted, and deservedly, too, as much notice in the hall of Drayton Manor as the gilded armor of the Earls of Pembroke attracts at Wilton, or the plain black suit of belted Will Howard at Naworth Castle. But we have not yet come to this state of feeling. The weapons which our forefathers wielded to take away life, and not unfrequently to overlay right by might, are still furbished up and kept clean that future generations may admire them; while the implements of their honest industry we cast aside, and sometimes ourselves endeavor

to forget that to them we owe it, that we are what we are.

Besides settling on his daughters what was then considered to be a rich dowry for maidens of their class, Robert Peel gave to his younger son a college education, and fitted him thereby for holy orders. His elder, called after himself, Robert, inherited a sum of money, wherewith he purchased the small estate of Peelfold, near Blackburn, which has remained in possession of the family ever since.

There is a saying among the Peels, that their house, in its generations, produces one drone for every two or at the most three working bees. *Absit omen*, so far as the living are concerned; but in reference to the dead, the statement appears to have been substantially correct. William, the son of this Robert, for example, proved a drone. He earned nothing, and spent all that he could. Hence his son Robert found himself, on his father's death, master of the paternal acres—no more—the estimated value of which did not exceed £100 a year. But he seems to have possessed all the energy of the best of his race. He adapted his style of living at once to his circumstances, made the most of his land by farming it himself; and though married to a lady of gentle blood, one of the Hayworths of Hayworth, he set up like many other cultivators of the soil round about him, handlooms in his own house, and added to his income by weaving. And here it may be well to remind the reader that the cotton manufacture, which forms at this day the staple product of British industry, was then only in its infancy. Partly through the mistaken course in which legislation ran, partly because skill was wanting to spin the cotton thread of strength enough to sustain the wear and tear of the warp, pure calicoes were not woven to any extent in England till after Sir Richard Arkwright had worked out his great invention: and even then, they would have stopped short of the point of competition with the muslins of India, had not Crompton's mule come subsequently into play, and carried all before it.

An opinion prevails, and we believe it to be well founded, that the printing of calicoes was first introduced into Lancashire by Mr. Hayworth the younger, the brother-in-law of Robert Peel. He learned the art in London, whither the stuffs fabricated at Black-

burn used in former years to be sent in order to be printed; and he came back to his own county, resolved, if possible, to practise what he had learned there. He communicated his design to Mr. Peel, who fell in with it cordially, and they took account of their combined means, with a view to commence operations. But these proving inadequate, they found out Mr. Yates, the keeper of a small inn in Blackburn called the Black Bull, who had saved some money, and who agreed to embark with them in a scheme of which the promise appeared so inviting. From these beginnings arose the firm of Hayworth, Peel, and Yates, which was destined in another generation, to assume a foremost place among the great houses in Lancashire. Yet the partners did not win their way, even to the first stages of success, without passing through all the difficulties which beset, in those days, the progress of invention, whatever shape it might assume. Every step which they took, they were forced to take in secret. Their machinery, after they set it up, was broken by crowds of handloom weavers; and even the improvements introduced by them into the patterns and colors of printed goods, were resented as wrongs done to their rivals. To such a height, indeed, was persecution carried, that they were glad to transfer their business to Staffordshire, where, at Burton-upon-Trent, Mr. Peel took a lease for three lives, from the Earl of Uxbridge, of some land well placed upon the river. It is of this Robert Peel and his family that Sir Lawrence gives the following characteristic sketch:—

“He understood thoroughly every branch of the cotton trade. He instructed his sons himself; he had no drones in his hive. He loved to impress on their minds the great national importance of this rising manufacture. He was a reflecting man who looked ahead; a plain-spoken, simple-minded man; not illiterate, nor vulgar either in language, manners, or mind, but possessing no refinement in his tastes; free from affectation, and with no desire to imitate the manners or modes of life of the class above his own. His sons resembled him, and a strong likeness pervaded the whole family. They were, without one exception, hard-working, industrious, plain, frugal, unostentatious men of business; reserved and shy; nourishing a sort of defensive pride, and hating all parade; shrinking perhaps too much from public ser-

vice and public notice, and, it may be, too much devoted to the calm joy of a private station. They were loyal men, Tories in politics—a party on which their opponents have since dexterously affixed the un-English name of aristocracy; a kind of moral retribution certainly, since it was first applied by the Tories to the heads of the Whig party—a party whose strength nevertheless has commonly been derived from the best supports of a party, the middle ranks of the people. Tories, however, as the Peels generally were, they were at all times rare samples of the English national spirit of self-reliance and sturdy independence.”

The third son of this Robert Peel, who afterwards became the first baronet in the family, was the father of the subject of our present sketch. He gave early indication of that strength of character which rarely fails of raising such as possess it to eminence. Impressed with the conviction that he was destined to acquire vast wealth, and to found a family, he seems never to have lost sight of the object for which he believed that he had been called into existence. When yet only eighteen years of age, he proposed, if his father would give him £500, to go out into the world, and work his own way through it single-handed. The proposal was not then acceded to; but no great while elapsed ere his uncle, Mr. Hayworth, struck with his steady business habits, selected him from among all the sons of his brother-in-law to be a junior partner in the house. From that hour, the ball was at the young man's foot, and he never permitted it to lie still. He gave his whole soul to the management of the concern. His life became one continued strain of hard labor. He would get out of bed, if the weather seemed to threaten, and visit the bleaching-grounds at all hours; and one whole night in every week he devoted to the study of such patterns as were brought down to him from London by the coach. Nor was he content to imitate. He became an inventor as well as a copyist, and was ever on the alert to observe and to apply the inventions of others to the machinery which drove his mills. A mind so vigorous, and at the same time so fertile in resources, soon caused its influence to be acknowledged by all who came in contact with it. The junior partner in the house of Hayworth, Yates, and Peel, became almost from the first the pole-star of the firm; and when Mr.

Hayworth retired, its authority was frankly acknowledged. To every remonstrance which the innovations of young Robert Peel excited amongst the older hands, Mr. Yates—now the senior partner—used to give invariably this answer, "The will of our Robert is law here."

That Mr. Peel should marry the daughter of the head of the house, seems to have been a sort of conventional arrangement. The marriage did not take place, however, till the bridegroom had reached the mature age of thirty-six; the bride was only eighteen. Yet, notwithstanding this disparity in their years, and the still more striking lack of similarity in their tastes, the marriage proved to be an extremely happy one. Miss Yates no sooner became Mrs. Peel than she abandoned all her devotion to society, and, obeying the impulses of great good sense and of a most affectionate temper, she became to her husband exactly the sort of wife of which such a man had need. For Mr. Peel was ambitious in no common degree. Sober, grave, and averse to gayety, he loved money not so much for its own sake, as because it was an instrument for attaining to power; and money seemed to accumulate in his hands as if by magic. Whatever he undertook to do, he did successfully; and it is but fair to add that, in following up his purposes, he seems never to have deviated from the strictest line of integrity. Poor Compton, the wayward but not well-used inventor of the mule, charged him indeed with pirating his invention; and, as men of Compton's temperament are apt to do, attributed Peel's success to that act of plagiarism. But Compton's statement is little to be trusted. The fact we believe to be, that Peel, having heard of the invention, made Compton two proposals, both of which were rejected—first, that he should become the superintendent of the works at Oldham, with a large salary; next, that he should join the firm as a partner. And by and by, when Compton's secret ceased to be a secret, he availed himself of improvements, of which the monopoly was not secured by patent. The consequence was that he grew rich, while the improver ended his days a pensioner on the bounty of strangers.

Mr. Peel had become a millionaire, and was the father of two daughters, when his eldest son was born. The event occurred on

the 5th February, 1788, in Chamber Hall, a house near Bury, which he had purchased and fitted up for himself. He happened to be in his little business-room when the consummation of a long-cherished desire was announced to him. He fell at once upon his knees, and, returning thanks to Almighty God, made a vow that he would give his son to the country. Never, under the old law, was child more solemnly dedicated to the service of the temple; and never was the act of dedication more rigidly carried into effect. From his infancy the late Sir Robert Peel was trained to become a statesman, the fact being constantly dinned into his ears that great things were expected of him, and that failure would be attended by indelible disgrace.

It is hard to judge of men's motives. Sir Lawrence Peel, with excusable partiality, attributes this proceeding on his uncle's part to pure love of country. "He knew," it is observed, "to how hard a life he was destining his son. Labor, perhaps, he accounted, and wisely accounted, a gain; but he knew the trials, the sufferings, the anguish which such a life involves, the thorns which are planted with the laural leaf." With every respect for the recorder of these opinions, we must crave permission to dissent from the opinions themselves. It appears to us that Mr. Peel was scarcely in a position to judge in any degree of the harassments which wait upon a political career; we do not believe that, in making up his mind to throw his eldest son into the arena of politics, he thought about them at all. It is much more probable, as it seems to us, that, seeing further into a millstone than most men, he determined to attempt directly what other *novi homines* endeavor to accomplish indirectly. Instead of purchasing a cornetcy in a heavy dragoon regiment, and trusting to the accidents of military service for gaining admission within the aristocratic circle to his descendants of the second or third generation, he adopted the wiser and readier course of making his son a politician. For it was as well known to Robert Peel the elder as to Lord Byron, that politics, and politics only, level the distinctions of social life in this country. Do we blame him for this? By no means. He was working out in the most legitimate manner the problem of his own existence. He had set a purpose before him

when life began, and now he made his grand move towards achieving it. The wealth which was necessary to build up the house of Peel he had acquired; there remained only the task of securing for the holders of it a place of eminence in the body politic. He was fortunate in the selection which he made of the instrument wherewith this great object was to be attained, and the results have more than realized his most sanguine anticipations.

Mr. Peel, the cotton-spinner, appears to have been one of those men who never do things by halves. Having made up his mind to educate his eldest son for the senate, he believed that he could not too soon begin the course of training which embryo senators require. Young Robert can scarcely be said ever to have been treated as a child. Before he was breeched, he had heard more of the sources of his country's greatness than most persons hear in the course of a long life; and as years increased upon him, he learned to accept no statement as true, even from his father, without first considering it in all its bearings. We have spoken of the elder Peel as a Tory. He was a Tory of the school of Pitt, and Pitt he held up continually to his son as the true model of an English statesman. In particular, he used often to interest the boy with accounts of the manner in which that great man was in the habit of receiving such deputations as waited upon him. Pitt, he observed, seemed always to know better than they what such persons wanted. Whether prepared to accede to their requests or to refuse them, he never failed to do them justice. "He would state over our case for us better than we could have stated it for ourselves, and then he would give his answer." But it was the spirit of Pitt's commercial policy which mainly chimed in with the opinions of the successful manufacturer; and this he did his best to implant deeply in the mind of his son. Without all doubt, the seed thus early sown never lost its vitality. For many years after his entrance into public life, Peel seemed to be carried away by the tide, which had set in strong in favor of a protective system. But if ever the real history of the man comes to be written, it will doubtless appear that even then he distrusted the wisdom of the course which he was pursuing.

It will not do to institute a comparison between William Pitt and Robert Peel.

Their abstract principles might accord, but the two men were as unlike, in all the circumstances both of public and private life, as any two men could well be. Pitt, born into the governing class, and breathing from the outset an atmosphere of politics, became of his own accord a politician; there was no forcing in his case. The genius with which nature had gifted him, took the direction into which all the associations by which he was surrounded turned it. The questions daily and hourly discussed before him, were economical questions. He would lay down his Herodotus to talk of the rights of nations; and while reading one of Cicero's Philippics, would imagine that he listened to his father declaiming in the senate. Peel's situation was very different. The objects presented to his observation out of the school-room were important doubtless, but they were mean. The mill, the bleaching-ground, the ledger, the prices in home and foreign markets, were calculated rather to dwarf than to enlarge his views of things; and in order to counteract their influence, he was kept as much as possible in a state of severe pupillage. Had he been naturally more gifted than he was, such a discipline could have hardly failed to affect him almost as much for evil as for good. He had not a spark of genius about him, but he possessed excellent abilities; and his memory, perhaps because it was constantly exercised, became extremely tenacious. On the other hand, the constant self-restraint to which he was subjected, rendered him reserved, shy, and sensitive. He became so much of a casuist also, that even as a boy he could never arrive at a conclusion till he had passed in array before his mind's eye all the reasons against as well as for the object proposed to him. Lord Byron's description of his former schoolfellow cannot but be familiar to all our readers. "Peel, the orator and statesman," says he, "was my form-fellow; we were on good terms; but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel among us, masters and scholars, and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal. As a schoolboy out of school I was always in scrapes, and he never. In school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly

as well. In general information, history, etc., I think I was his superior."

We accept this account of young Peel at Harrow as substantially correct. It is in perfect accord with what he afterwards became, and is precisely such a result as his university training might be expected to produce. Nor does he appear to have varied much after he entered the university. At Oxford, as at Harrow, he was still the steady, industrious student; and he was more. He took to boating and to cricket, in both of which he held his own, and his dress was in the mode. But at Oxford, as everywhere else, Peel was methodical as clock-work. There were no fits of hard reading and hard idleness with him. One day exactly resembled another; so many hours devoted to classics, so many to mathematics, so many to exercise. And method and diligence reaped their reward. In a remarkably good year, in which the names of Gilbert, Hampden, and Whateley are registered, he took a double first-class degree. He was the first Oxford man so distinguished. At the preceding examinations, under the system then new, no such honors in mathematics had been earned.

Mr. Peel is described, by those who knew him best, to have entered life with all the advantages on his side of a handsome person and an expressive countenance. His father's name also did much for him with the Tory party, which at once took him up; for his father had won his own way into the House of Commons, and was in due time created a baronet. Yet even those who most shut their eyes to Peel's short-comings, acknowledge that his manners were never generally engaging. In a circle of intimate friends he would sometimes unbend, though even among these his ordinary deportment was cold, perhaps forbidding. As not unfrequently happens with men of his temperament, he was far more agreeable during a brief than a lengthened interview; and he never failed to receive such persons as waited upon him on matters of business with great courtesy. But the shyness which, besides being natural to him, had been confirmed and rendered inveterate by his early training, he never succeeded in conquering. Sir Lawrence Peel, scarcely admitting this to be a fact, nevertheless says: "The late Lord Hardinge, who knew Peel intimately,

and loved him with a warm and lasting affection, once lamented to me, in India, Peel's unexpansiveness (for those were his words) as the head of the Conservative party. He said that Croker had complained '*il ne se déboultone pas*,' adding to it the remark, 'that his reserve impaired his usefulness, and was injurious to the interests of his party.'" We trust that Sir Lawrence will not consider that we are dealing lightly with so grave a matter, if we subjoin the following anecdote as an illustration of Croker's words on this subject:—

It chanced on a certain occasion that a party of Sir Robert Peel's friends met at Drayton, among whom were Lord Hardinge and Mr. Croker. After shooting in the morning, the guests assembled at dinner, when Sir Robert entertained them with an account of an accident which had happened, while they were out, to a young son of his brother William. The child, it appeared, had swallowed a button, and the doctor being called in, there was a desperate attempt to eject the noxious matter. Warning with his story, the prime minister arrived at this climax. "You never saw a child so treated; in fact, we got every thing out of him." "William," exclaimed Croker across the table, to the father of the sufferer, "I wish that somebody would give Sir Robert a button."

Resolute to work out the fulfilment of his own views, Peel, the elder, no sooner received his son home, with all his university honors fresh about him, than he proposed to the minister of the day—the Duke of Portland—to bring the young man into parliament as a supporter of the government. It was to Ireland, in those days, that all prime ministers, whether Whig or Tory, looked for the great body of their adherents. The Irish Secretary, Sir Arthur Wellesley, was accordingly written to, to provide a seat; and we find, in the volume of his correspondence lately published by his son, a curious letter referring to this circumstance. How little could either of these great men anticipate what was in store for both of them, when the one sought only to purchase his way into the House of Commons; and the other directed his agent at Castlebar to secure the election of "a Mr. Peel."

It may be doubted whether a statesman gains or loses by becoming, at the com-

mencement of his career, connected with the executive government. The disadvantage is, that nine times out of ten his mind contracts to the measure of those with whom he is associated; and that in learning as a duty to support their measures, he learns also to adopt their prejudices. On the other hand, a young man gains much by being early initiated into habits of business. Public business in this country is conducted on a principle so different from that which regulates private business, that he who takes to it late in life, takes to it under serious disadvantages. It was Peel's fortune, good or bad, to become, at the age of three-and-twenty, an under-secretary of state. Never had the office received so industrious and painstaking a functionary. He read and commented on every paper—the most trivial as well as the most important; and his tenacious memory enabled him to carry to the debate, whenever one arose, a complete acquaintance with all the details of the subject. Such a man was invaluable to his party, and the more so that he seemed in no hurry to make personal capital out of his acquirements. Except when called upon, in 1809, to second the address in answer to the king's speech, Peel did not, for rather more than two years, speak in the House of Commons at any length; and the few sentences which he uttered were, it must be acknowledged, scarcely of an order to excite any sanguine hopes of his success as an orator.

From the Colonial Office Peel was transferred to Ireland as Chief Secretary. It was a post not perhaps of greater importance than that it happens to be at this time—for at this moment the Irish Secretary is a member of the Cabinet; but it was always conferred upon a man of whom some expectations were entertained, being considered as a touchstone of administrative ability, and therefore a school of practical statesmanship for young members. Amidst the fierce conflict of parties, religious not less than political, which then raged, the new secretary bore himself well. He extended the excellent police force which Sir Arthur Wellesley had established in Dublin throughout the provinces, and maintained order if he could not introduce harmony. It is understood, also, that he learned a good deal from a closer view of things, which tended to shake his confidence in the system of government as it

was then carried on. Hence every move towards establishing equality of social privileges between Protestants and Roman Catholics obtained his support; and even in regard to the last concession of all, it is now no longer a secret, that, long before the surrender of 1829, Peel was in his secret heart favorable to Catholic emancipation. Peel, however, was constitutionally a prudent man; and, contrary to the usual practice, his youth exhibited surer tokens of this useful quality than his maturer age. Throughout the six or seven years of his Irish administration, he neither originated nor attempted to originate a single novelty. But he did what was perhaps, under the circumstances, far better. Assiduous himself, he compelled all his subordinates to do their duty, and to take as far as possible the sting out of an exclusive system, by working it with as little appearance of harshness as it would bear.

Peel was not a popular Irish Secretary. A stiff, silent, cautious young man may be respected, but he cannot be personally loved anywhere, and least of all in Ireland. Lady Morgan, accordingly, quizzed him in her novels, and O'Connell sneered at him. Even the Protestant-ascendency people looked askance, because he would take no part in their boisterous conviviality, and objected to dress up the statue of King William. But he gained ground from day to day in reputation as an administrator, and began by degrees to take his proper place in that House of Commons which was by and by to become his world. Not that the House of Commons ever accounted him a great orator. His skill in debate was perhaps unrivalled; but in his best days as a speaker he fell far behind Canning, Tierney, Windham, Plunkett, and Brougham; and these, and many more, long overshadowed him by their eloquence. For Peel had not a scintilla of genius. His style was diffuse and labored, his best thoughts always seemed to be overlaid with words, and his three courses degenerated at last into the merest mannerism. What he did not receive from inspiration, however, he managed to acquire by diligence and close attention to details. He was never above availing himself of the views of others, and if he did not always acknowledge his obligations to his prompters, we must not forget that, in this and in all constitutional countries, leading statesmen must either be, or

be supposed to be, the originators of every thing which they propose, and for which they are responsible.

We must sketch with a rapid pen the further progress of Peel's advance in public life. In 1817 he made his first great speech in opposition to the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, which, though severely criticised by Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Wilberforce, himself an advocate of emancipation, pronounced a masterpiece of argument. The same year he stood in opposition to Mr. Canning as a candidate for the representation of the University of Oxford, in which a vacancy had occurred through the elevation of the Speaker, Mr. Abbot, to the peerage. Assisted by Lords Eldon and Stowell, and by the great body of the clergy, he carried his election; and was congratulated in the handsomest manner by the very man whom he thus deprived of an honor coveted wellnigh beyond all others. And now beginning, as it were, to feel his own strength, he began also to exhibit that readiness to abandon old opinions which his friends were accustomed to eulogize as candor, his enemies to condemn as inconsistency, or something worse. In 1819, having ceased to be Irish Secretary, he became chairman of the committee nominated by Mr. Vansittart to inquire into the state of the Bank of England with reference to the expediency of a renewal of cash payments. He had spoken against Mr. Horner's resolution in 1811, and contributed as far as his influence extended to prevent the repeal of the Restriction Act at that time. He now took quite an opposite view of the case, himself introducing into the House, and supporting the bill commonly called Peel's bill, as the fruit of the inquiries, deliberation, and judgment of the committee. It is not our purpose on the present occasion to discuss the merits of a measure which certainly had in its favor an unusual concurrence of the opinions of men of all parties. Whether right or wrong in principle, the bill passed both Houses by large majorities, Peel himself frankly avowing that, in consequence of the evidence given to the committee, and of the discussions upon it, his opinions had undergone a great change. Besides giving offence to such proprietors of land as had mortgaged their estates, Peel had the misfortune to differ in the course of the debate from his father. Both expressed themselves

characteristically on the occasion—the old man referring to his great political idol, Mr. Pitt, and his own early endeavors to rear his son after that model; the young man claiming credit, as was his wont, for the sacrifice which he made of private feeling to public duty.

It was a season of trouble and anxiety to the king's ministers. To the Manchester massacre, as it was called, succeeded the Cato Street conspiracy and the ill-advised trial of Queen Caroline; from the discredit attendant on the latter of which Peel happily escaped, he holding at the time no office under the crown. With becoming manliness, however, he stood by the government in its hour of need. Indeed, his defence of the Home Secretary and of the magistracy took such a turn, that the manufacturers of Lancashire became offended, and charged him with denouncing the factory system as dangerous to the public peace. This was putting an entirely erroneous interpretation on his words. All that he meant to convey was the expression of his opinion, that in a free country capitalists have no right to bring masses of people together without providing some more constitutional means of preventing outrage than by calling upon the government to employ troops in doing the work of constables. Happily for all classes, this doctrine is now fully understood; and the army and the people are brought into kindly relations with one another, because the former are never, except in the last extremity, required to control the latter.

Peel's line with reference to Queen Caroline was more guarded. He blamed the ministers for striking her name out of the Liturgy, and for refusing a ship in which to fetch her home, and a house in which to receive her on her arrival in London. He took no objection, however, to the proceedings which followed, and the king and his government were too grateful for the advocacy of their bill of pains and penalties to think much of the censure cast by him on measures which rendered it unavoidable.

Peel had been twelve years in Parliament, of which more than eight were passed in office, when he was advanced to a seat in the Cabinet. The resignation of Lord Sidmouth in 1821 created a vacancy at the Home Office, which Mr. Peel was selected by Lord Liverpool to supply. The appointment was

well received by the public, who, without entertaining any exaggerated idea of his powers, believed him to be a man of sound judgment and untiring industry. Under the circumstances, he more than fulfilled the highest expectations that were formed of him. In the Cabinet he proved a steady but sober friend to Conservative progress. Perhaps he was at this time, and especially after Canning returned to the administration, more Conservative than progressive. But out of the Cabinet—we mean in matters purely departmental—no minister ever effected greater changes, and all of them for the better. His reforms of the criminal law—and they were his, from whomsoever the inspiration may have come—are a standing monument to his glory. It is a pity that he should have been so prone to make a parade of his own merits. But this, though a constitutional, perhaps, rather than a moral weakness in the man, must not tempt us to detract from the merits of which he boasted. He has been charged with jealousy of Canning, and of aiming so early as 1822 at the office of prime minister. Let us not forget that this charge comes from the adherents of one who certainly did aspire to the highest place in the Cabinet, and succeeded at last by great adroitness in gaining his end. We have never heard it insinuated from any other quarter, that till the post was actually forced upon him, Peel ever made a move, directly or indirectly, to achieve it.

The art of governing in England was not, in 1822, what it had been twenty years previously. Men's attention no sooner ceased to be riveted on measures of defence from foreign enemies, than they began to consider the abuses, real or imaginary, in the system of administration under which they lived. In Ireland a strong agitation was got up for the repeal of the laws which excluded Roman Catholics from political power. In England and Scotland parliamentary reform became an ominous watchword. The latter object was followed for a time with far less of judgment and skill than the former. The Catholic Association under the direction of Daniel O'Connell, either kept itself within the limits of the law from the first, or, when placed beyond these limits by some fresh act of Parliament, at once shifted its ground, and defied the executive to interfere with it. The Radical Reformers of Great Britain, less

ably directed, made their appeal for a while to physical force, and were easily put down. But both learned wisdom from experience. Threats of insurrection ceased to be uttered in England, and secret societies died out in the sister country. Forthwith the two questions, reform of Parliament, and equal political rights to men of all religious persuasions, became mere party questions. Moreover, in respect to the last, the Cabinet itself was divided, and the habitual supporters of the government felt themselves, in consequence, at liberty to vote upon it as they pleased. This, whether unavoidable or not, was by no means a satisfactory state of things. It caused great embarrassment, and boded change. Indeed, a man of Peel's peculiar temperament and habit of thought could not fail to perceive that, in standing out for the settlement of 1688, he was fighting a doomed battle. Yet he fought it gallantly throughout the whole of Lord Liverpool's tenure of office, without, as far as we know, breathing a hint to the most intimate of his friends that he despaired of the issues.

So the current ran for some years. Peel, taking his place beside Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Chancellor Eldon, contended for the maintenance of the constitution as it was. Canning, perhaps more opposed than he to parliamentary reform, was yet the ablest advocate in the House of Commons of Catholic emancipation. This naturally created some estrangement between them, which never, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington, amounted to want of confidence; for Peel's views on all points of commercial policy were at least as liberal as those of his gifted rival. And even in respect to foreign relations they thought very much alike. The only real difference between them in this respect may be thus described. Peel was satisfied so to act as to keep England clear from too close a connection with the absolute powers: Canning not only desired the same thing, but lost no public opportunity of boasting that such was his object.

At last Lord Liverpool was smitten down, and those events occurred of which the best, because the fullest, account anywhere given, will be found in Mr. Gleig's continuation of *Brialmont's Life of Wellington*. For some months the business of the country was carried on by a Cabinet without any effective

head; an anomaly which the outer world accepted as a mark of respect for Lord Liverpool's condition and past services, but which was owing, in point of fact, to the king's inability to decide upon the proper minister to preside over the administration. Peel's behavior throughout this interregnum is above reproach. He joined in no intrigue for or against any man. He agreed with the rest of the ministers in opinion, that it would not do, under existing circumstances, to make either concession to the Roman Catholics or its opposite a Cabinet question, and that if the present administration was to hold together, it would be necessary to replace Lord Liverpool with some statesman whose views on that important point were in accord with his own. Not so Mr. Canning. Long an object of personal dislike to George IV.—so strong, indeed, that the king never invited him to the palace, nor would see him except on business—he had managed, by conciliating a well-known royal favorite, to overcome this feeling; and now, through the same influence, he got himself to be regarded as the only man in the ministry fit to be intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet. Meanwhile he led his colleagues to believe that he had no desire to be at the head of the administration; and even named the individual whom, if applied to by the king, he meant to propose as first lord of the treasury. Why under such circumstances Canning should have sounded Peel as to his readiness to serve with him, should his majesty place him at the head of the government, it would be hard to say. That he did put the question to the Home Secretary is, however, now well known; and it is equally well known that Peel gave to it a brief but peremptory refusal. But the intrigue was not thereby stayed. By a process which, in a moral point of view, admits of no justification, Canning received the king's commands to form a government; and Peel, with the Duke of Wellington, Lords Eldon, Bathurst, and Melville, resigned.

Peel's explanation of his conduct on that occasion is before the world. He stated in the house that it was impossible for him, entertaining the opinions which he did, to belong to a Cabinet of which the head was pledged to support the claims of the Roman Catholics. Not a word escaped him further indicative of general distrust of Mr. Can-

ning. On the contrary he eulogized the new minister with a degree of warmth which savored of exaggeration. He agreed with him in all his views save one. Yet at this very time the conviction had matured itself in his mind, that there would be greater danger to the state from a continued resistance to Catholic emancipation than from granting it. Was there duplicity in all this—or self-deceit? There was neither. Peel's opposition to Catholic emancipation was like that of the Duke of Wellington from first to last, a political, not a religious impulse. He dreaded the influence of a party long shut out from the privileges of the constitution, on the constitution itself, were power conceded to it. And so long as he saw that it was the will of the nation to exclude that party from power, he was ready to promote the nation's wishes. But the growing desire of the educated classes to risk all rather than persevere in a system of exclusion, brought the matter before him in a different point of view. Session after session, except in 1826, the majorities in the House of Commons favorable to repeal had steadily increased; while in the Lords all the fresh blood ran in the same direction. And in Ireland, society was all but broken up. How was the government to be carried on at all with this fearful sore perpetually open? It was not in such a nature as Peel's to avoid being affected by these considerations. Expediency—using that term in no offensive sense—stood with him, as a politician, in the room of principle. His object through life, except on one memorable occasion, seems to have been rather to effect the greatest amount of good which could be achieved with the least possible inconvenience, than to aim at the utmost good that was attainable. Now, though believing that the time was come for the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, he was not yet prepared to run the risk of dislocating the party with which he had all his life acted, by taking office under a minister who was pledged to procure for them such admission. As events soon afterwards proved, Peel did himself no good by resting his severance from Mr. Canning on the ground which he took up. The duke was more wary; and hence, when the day of Catholic emancipation arrived by far the greater load of obloquy fell upon Peel, who in point of fact, sacrificed himself to

what he believed to be the cause of his country.

The prize which Canning paid such a heavy price to win did not long remain with him. He held it but a few months, and found no happiness in it. On his demise, Lord Goderich endeavored to carry on the government and failed. What was there to prevent Mr. Peel from aspiring to the place for which his Canningite colleagues had accused him of intriguing nine years previously? Two impediments stood in the way. First, George IV. did not personally like him; next, he was diffident of his own power to guide a party, which had still the folly to think as much of blood as of talent. He at once, however, accepted the Duke of Wellington's proposal, and returned to the Home Office. It was a season of unexampled difficulty, both within and without. The great towns were becoming impatient under what demagogues assured them was a state of political degradation. In Ireland, agitation grew more rampant from day to day. And not the Whigs only, but the old Tories also fretted, and gave but a lukewarm support, because they equally considered themselves ill-used in the formation of the ministry. For both, at the beginning of the duke's administration, had expected that he would make advances to them; and both were disgusted by his retaining in the king's service only such men as Huskisson, Palmerston, and Lords Dudley and Ward. In the Cabinet itself, moreover, there was no great principle of cohesion. The Canningites, made sore by the jeers of the lookers-on, jibbed occasionally in dragging the coach. Huskisson, in particular, came into collision with the head of the government almost as soon as the government was formed; and being snubbed in the House of Lords for his speech delivered from the hustings at Liverpool, never cordially forgave the rebuke. And perhaps it was somewhat rashly, not to say unwisely, administered. When the object of all parties was to bury in oblivion past differences, it would have been no degradation to the duke had he given to Mr. Huskisson some "guarantee" as to his future policy. And the use of the expression, though not, as Huskisson used it, strictly justifiable, ought, perhaps, to have been forgiven, or, at all events, reproof in private. Still, that matter might, and probably would, have

been got over, had Huskisson better considered the course which official honor required him to pursue on the East Retford question. And here we must object to the tone in which Sir Lawrence Peel, usually so impartial, speaks of the severance of Mr. Huskisson from the Tory party, and of the causes of it. If, as we believe to be the fact, and as Sir Lawrence himself acknowledges, Huskisson forced the duke and Mr. Peel, in cabinet, against their will to adopt a particular arrangement, he was without justification when he took in the House of Commons a line in opposition to that very arrangement. Even Peel felt the outrage keenly, and we do not find that he ever expressed an opinion that the duke could have acted otherwise than he did, after Mr. Huskisson began that unhappy correspondence which ended in his retirement from the ministry.

The correspondence in question, however, with the subsequent attack which Mr. Huskisson was hurried into making on the duke, drew from Peel a speech, some portions of which are now much more intelligible than they were at the period when they were delivered. Huskisson had gone so far as to state that the duke threw him over in obedience not to his own will, but to the dictation of the Tory party. At this Peel became justly offended; and while vindicating his chief from so unworthy a charge, seized the opportunity to declare that he himself would not consent to sit in the same Cabinet with any one who was capable of submitting to such dictation. He then added, that "he was determined to follow no one's policy; neither that of Lord Liverpool, nor that of Mr. Canning, but to give to each subject as it came before him his utmost attention, and to his sovereign the best advice in his power." The truth is, that already the pressure of events was upon him, and that he felt the time to be near at hand, when, either in office or out of it, duty to his country, or what he believed to be such, would compel him to break down those defences of an exclusively Protestant constitution, which for so many years he had struggled to maintain.

The secession of Mr. Canning's friends—for they all followed Mr. Huskisson—tended, without doubt, to weaken the Duke of Wellington's administration. The men brought in to fill the vacancies, though able and honest, scarcely possessed the confidence of

Parliament or of the country. Sir George Murray, in particular, and Sir Henry Hardinge, were believed to be mere tools in the hand of the dictator, who having been long accustomed to obey his orders in the field, would never, it was believed, dream of disputing his suggestions in the Cabinet. Nor must the fact be overlooked, that the Cabinet had already received a shake from the success of Lord John Russell's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. After attempting to meet the question with a negative, Peel found that a compromise was necessary; and the bill, denuded of most of its more objectionable clauses, was allowed to pass. It passed, moreover, in the House of Lords, under circumstances somewhat damaging to the government. The duke, observing that some of its advocates supported the measure on the ground that it would provide additional securities against the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, refused to accept it on such terms; and his language, though guarded, did not fail to make an impression any thing but favorable on the minds of the great Protestant Tory party.

The story of the Catholic Association, and of the dead-lock to which it brought all public business in Ireland, is too well known to require that we should repeat it here. So also, is the episode of the Clare election, the first unhappy fruits of the break between the duke and the Canningite portion of his Cabinet. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald having been appointed to office, went over to seek reelection at the hands of his constituents; and though a life-long supporter of the Catholic claims, was defeated by Daniel O'Connell. It was a bold step on the part of the agitator, and it succeeded. He persuaded the ignorant freeholders of Clare that there was no law to prevent a Roman Catholic from taking his seat if elected, and mainly through the co-operation of the priests he carried his election. Then followed the duke's celebrated correspondence with Dr. Curries, the recall of Lord Anglesey, and the first of the Irish monster-meetings; and, finally, the determination on the duke's part, towards the end of 1828, to bring in and carry, at all hazards, a bill for settling a question with the continued agitation of which government in any shape had become impossible.

We need scarcely observe, that of the part played by Peel in this momentous arrangement no true or detailed account has yet been given. M. Guizot writes about it as a man of genius would do, who had only the debates in Parliament to guide him. Sir Lawrence Peel is content to skim the surface; and even the volume which came out three or four years ago under the auspices of Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, though professing to be Peel's own version of the story, is confessedly a garbled version. Mr. Peel kept a complete record of his own opinions and acts while the measure was under consideration in the Cabinet. His editors found sufficient reason not to publish it in detail. Neither is it our part to supply the void which they, doubtless for excellent reasons, have left in their narrative. But this much we are justified in asserting, that Peel did his best to escape from the responsibility of proposing the Relief Bill as a minister; and that, finding it impossible, without loss of honor, to abandon the government on a measure of which he approved, he joined the English prelates in forcing the duke to omit his clauses for paying the Romish bishops and clergy in Ireland, and compelling them to officiate under licenses from the crown. Never, in our opinion, was greater mistake committed. The Romanists may say what they will now—now that they have gained all, subject to no conditions except such as custom and very flexible consciences enable them to violate with impunity—but they would have as little rejected stipends for their priests in 1829, even when accompanied with revocable licenses, as the Irish Presbyterians are likely to reject the *Regium Donum*, because it is accompanied by a little state interference in the settlement of their ministers. Since we were to have Catholic emancipation—and probably there are few reasonable persons now living who will deny that it had by this time become inevitable—we shall never cease to regret that it did not come to us surrounded by the safeguards which the bill, as originally proposed by the duke, had provided for our Protestant institutions.

The consequences to Peel of his proceedings on this occasion were more serious than the world generally supposes. His heart was wrung by the falling off from him of those with whom through life he had acted;

and his rejection by the university of Oxford entered like iron into his soul. It was not mere grief which affected him: his sensitive nature received a jar, from which it never recovered. The connection between him and the Tory party had, from the first, been more an accident than any thing else; his own Toryism was rather the effect of early association than a principle. He now began to distrust opinions which he had formerly advocated; and his advocacy of which had been the result, perhaps, of personal and party policy, rather than of personal conviction. His views on Church matters, in particular, underwent a great change. Still he expressed himself, both in the House and out of it, as he had ever done. If possible, indeed, he held more aloof than formerly from intimate personal relations with his followers. This, however, was a circumstance which attracted very little observation. What if he did pass to his seat, and from it again, without accosting any one, or being accosted either in the lobby or in the gangway? Had it not always been so? It was only by the ultra-Tories—the Knatchbulls, Blandfords, and others, who had fallen off from him—that the circumstance was noticed at all. His friends, Charles Ross, Bonham, and even Billy Holmes, insisted that he was never known to be in better spirits; that he was the same unyielding Protestant in Church and State that he had ever been. Both friends and enemies were at fault. His mind was in a transition state—old things were passing away around him, and he could not help being conscious of the influence of new. Unfortunately he did not learn at the same time that a leader of the Tory party must either resist change with his adherents, or win over his adherents to promote it wisely with him.

The substitution of a sliding for a fixed scale of duties on corn, was carried with little opposition. It was carped at by a few large landed proprietors, but it went down with the great majority on both sides of the House. Not so the bill for establishing a metropolitan police. It was denounced as a first move towards the introduction of military government; and the king was petitioned, and warned to be on his guard. There is no denying that Peel became greatly embarrassed even by the success which attended his own measures. He saw with re-

gret that this success was owing entirely to the support of the Whigs, and that the position of the Cabinet of which he was a member was a false one. In Ireland, for example, ministers proved unable or unwilling to carry to its legitimate issues the policy for which they had sacrificed their old friends; and they failed, in consequence, to collect new friends. Nevertheless, they went forward with many minute, but not therefore unimportant, changes. The sale of Beer Bill, though in the direction of free trade, did nothing for them; and the refusal to inquire, by committee, into the distresses of the silk-weavers, furnished a handle of which their enemies made good use. Then followed the agricultural riots; and finally the French Revolution, and the death of George IV. We are not going to re-open the questions which, by breaking up the Tory party, brought in the Whigs, and produced the Reform Bill of 1832, with all its consequences. The elections consequent on the accession of the new king still gave a majority to Toryism; but it was to Toryism divided against itself; and by a motion on the Civil List, proposed by Sir Henry Parnell, and seconded by Sir Edward Knatchbull, the Duke of Wellington's administration was overthrown.

It is charged against the Tory party by Sir Lawrence Peel, that a long tenure of office had rendered them supercilious—that having ceased to win the people to their side, they treated talent with neglect, except where it happened to be associated with rank or money. Tories though we are, we grieve to be obliged to confess that there is too much truth in this accusation. Long tenure of office had spoilt the Tories socially. They affected to be swayed so entirely by principle, that they could not condescend to manœuvre for support, unless it were rendered voluntarily. According to their view of the case, the cause of close boroughs, and of the system of government inseparable from close boroughs, was the people's cause, which Tom, Dick, and Harry had as much interest in upholding as Earl Fitz-William or the Marquess of Hertford. Hence they would not stoop to purchase the good word of writers or speakers whose sole recommendation might be talent. Newspaper men, in particular, they held in contempt and abhorrence; they were gentlemen of the press,

and, as such, not fit company for senators and ministers of state. The Whigs were wiser in their generation. Holland House, Lansdowne House, Devonshire House, all opened their doors to merit, however humble; and the owners of these hospitable mansions received their reward in conciliating to their own party no small portion of the young blood of the nation. Indeed, we may go further. With one or two honorable exceptions, the leaders of the Tories seemed to take pleasure in mortifying their humbler friends; they certainly never thought of noticing their services as men endowed with more brains than money deserve to be noticed. And here, again, their behavior contrasts not very pleasantly with that of their rivals. Peel could confer pensions gracefully enough, as in the case of poor Tom Hood and his family. But neither Peel nor the duke ever thought of finding places for Lockhart, Wilson, Hook, or Maginn. On the other hand, the Whigs, to their own honor, and, we doubt not, much to the benefit of the public service, were scarce in office ere they found berths for Fonblanque, John Forster, and others. It is no longer a secret—for Peel and his friends, in a moment of irritation, told the tale—that Disraeli, at the commencement of his parliamentary career, made such advances to the Tory minister as his position and consciousness of power justified him in making. They were coldly repulsed. This was not a very wise proceeding, and the evil results of it are still felt; let us hope that they are wearing out.

It has been said of Peel, and we think truly, that he could never play a losing game. He is not, however, responsible for the consequences of the ministerial crisis of 1831 further than this, that it was by his advice that the Whig Reform Bill was permitted to come to a second reading. Whether any real damage has accrued to the country through this want of decision on his part, may be doubted. Lord Brougham, indeed—if any credit is due to Mr. Roebuck—still believes that had the bill been refused a first reading, there would have been no dissolution of Parliament, Lord Grey must have resigned, and a new administration come in—formed, probably, out of the more moderate men of all parties. But could they, or could any statesman, have prevented the en-

actment of a large measure of change after a bill so sweeping as that of 1831 had been laid by the king's ministers on the table of the house? And if a large measure, would it not have proved a prelude, and nothing more, to some fresh measure, perhaps more mischievous than that which the Whigs gave us? These are questions which it is useless to ask, because they admit of no answer. The facts of history are well known. Peel's refusal to get up an opposition to a first reading, led the party which had already gathered round him again to believe that he saw enough of good in the ministerial scheme to allow of its being amended in committee. Hence, when the second reading came on, his resistance was regarded rather as conventional than hearty, and the bill was thrown out by the smallest possible majority. An immediate dissolution followed, into consenting to which the king, a good but weak man, was cajoled; and the country was thrown into a state of anarchy such as never occurred before, and probably will never occur again, without leading to revolution.

There is but one point in Peel's conduct, while heading the opposition to Earl Grey's measure, which will bear to be questioned. As long as the battle raged in the House of Commons, he fought it loyally, yet he fought from first to last without hope. When, therefore, the waverers prevailed to carry the second reading in the Lords, and afterwards, by returning to their allegiance in committee, forced the ministers to create peers or to resign, Peel refused to join the duke in that great man's gallant attempt to remove the king out of the hands of the Whig-Radicals. We are not prepared to say that Peel was wrong in this. The country lashed up into madness by the press and the political unions, would probably not have been satisfied with such reforms as the duke was prepared to concede; and the House of Commons, going far beyond the country in violence, would have at once refused the supplies. Was any thing to be gained by dissolution? Perhaps; but not, we suspect, enough to meet the difficulties of the situation. We cannot, therefore, blame Peel for refusing to co-operate with the duke, though we wish, for his own sake, he had rested his refusal on higher grounds than regard to personal consistency. But this was part of Peel's idiosyncrasy: he could not separate himself from

his duties. He had none of the chivalry about him which sent Lord Falkland to die for a prince whose policy he condemned; and which, in the case of our own glorious duke, induced him to risk every thing rather than desert the sovereign in his hour of need. The consequences are well known. After the delay of a fortnight, the duke gave up his commission, and Lord Grey, returning to power, carried his Reform Bill.

Wellnigh thirty years have passed since the events of which we are writing befell; and thirty years are apt to effect on men's ideas changes as great as they effect in their forms. We of this magazine struggled hard, in 1832, to keep things as they then were. We are now free to confess that we strove to achieve an impossibility. Not that our views of the rashness of the Whig scheme, and of the manner of its accomplishment, are at all modified. The Whig measure was dictated by no spirit of patriotism. It was not the result of a deliberate consideration of what the country really needed. It was a mere party move, into which its authors plunged, caring very little about consequences, so long as it rendered office untenable by their rivals; for it sought to accomplish in a day, and by violence, that which, to be quite safe, demanded at least half a century of gradual changes. On the other hand, the ground taken up by the Tories was indefensible; and the less defensible by them that during half a century of power they had never taken a single step to modify abuses, the extent and enormity of which were all the while admitted. Grattons and Old Sarums, accumulated by half-dozens in the hands of individuals, had become intolerable; and the continued refusal of members to such places as Manchester and Birmingham was not only a crime, but a blunder. The blame, therefore, of that revolution in the influences which render government by men moderately conservative just as difficult now as government by men moderately liberal was forty years ago, may fairly be divided between the two great factions. The Tories, by their obstinate determination to change nothing, created uneasiness under the borough system, of which the Whigs took advantage to peril the existence of the constitution itself, rather than remain any longer in opposition. Let us hope that the leaders on both sides have

learned better to understand what the interests of the commonwealth really require, and are better prepared to promote them.

Of Peel, as the head of the Tory, or, as it came to be called, the Conservative, Opposition, from 1832 to 1841, it is impossible to speak too highly. All the little defects in his character seemed to have passed from it. Otherwise than cold and reserved he could not well be; but either his coldness melted a good deal under the generous confidence which the party reposed in him, or his followers overlooked, in contemplating the great issues that were at stake, defects of manner which used previously to annoy them.

Both causes, we are inclined to think, operated for good. It is certain that, never, since he entered public life, had Peel met his political friends with the same apparent frankness as he exhibited now, and never before had his Fabian tactics been so loyally accepted. It was something new to the Tory blood of England to be restrained and kept back from action; yet the cavaliers bore it admirably. What remarkable meetings were those which took place from time to time, now in Mr. Planta's old house in Charles Street, by and by in the large drawing-room of the mansion in which the Carlton Club first took refuge! With what tact Peel soothed the irritation of the young, and persuaded the old to place their deliberate opinions in abeyance!! But the party was then in opposition. It had no measures of its own to propose,—at least, it had no business to propose any; and Peel kept it in its proper place. The case was altered when again a Conservative Cabinet came together; and the renewed reserve of the statesman who presided over it was perhaps as much the result of a mistaken sense of duty, as the indulgence of a personal humor, long restrained, but still active. Yet its results were disastrous in the extreme.

We have little to tell, which has not been told elsewhere, of Peel's shortlived administration in 1835. The Whigs had fallen out among themselves; and the removal of Lord Althorp to the house of Lords afforded William IV. the opportunity which he had long sought to get rid of them. He sent, as usual, for the Duke of Wellington, who recommended him to commit to Peel the task of forming a ministry; and who, Peel being then abroad, undertook, single-handed, to

carry on the government. We are not prepared to assert the matter as a fact, but an impression was created on our minds at the time, and it still remains, that Peel made his journey to Rome, in the autumn of that year, partly that he might be out of the way in the event of a political crisis occurring. For the king's impatience under Whig domination was no secret to any one; indeed, his majesty had already made more than one abortive attempt to free himself from it. And Peel, believing that the time was not yet come for attempting a change, either of men or of measures, dreaded nothing more than a premature summons to his majesty's councils. Be this, however, as it may, Peel's absence at a moment so critical, was, to say the least of it, very inconvenient. True, the wheels of state were kept going, with only the duke and Lord Lyndhurst to direct them. It has been said indeed, on high authority, that not at any former period had the business of the public offices been so rapidly or so correctly conducted. But after all, the well-being of the commonwealth depends on something more than the keeping the clerks in our public offices at their desks. We doubt whether Peel, had he been in London instead of at Rome at the moment, would have given way, as the duke did, to what was more personal feeling than a sense of duty on the king's part. And assuming him to have yielded in spite of his own better judgment, we are confident that he would not have dissolved till he had made the show at least of attempting to go on with the House of Commons as it was. For a dissolution is the one great card which a government holds in its hands, and to play it before an opportunity has been given of explaining his policy to the country, is not, under any circumstances, a judicious proceeding in a minister. The deed was done, however, before Peel reached London, and nothing remained for him except to prepare as well as he could for the struggle which impended.

We write in no spirit of unkindness towards the late Sir Robert Peel, when we say that the great defect in his character, as a public man, was the lack of political courage. Personally, and to a certain extent even morally, he was brave enough; but as a politician, he had not sufficient confidence either in himself, or in the abstract justice

of opinions of which he had long been the champion. His famous Tamworth Manifesto proves this. The principles enunciated therein might be correct in themselves; but if correct, why did he now for the first time, avow them? The announcement of his intention to reform the Church was, in particular, a practical paradox. He had been for many years an influential member of a Cabinet from which the blots on the Church's scutcheon referred to in that manifesto could not have been hidden. Why did he never propose a plan for getting rid of these blots? Are we to assume that all this while he saw more to approve than to condemn in these inequalities? or that he preferred leaving things as they were to the risk of unsettling men's minds on the general subject of property? In the latter case, what was it which brought about such a change of views as he suddenly manifested in his letter to the electors of Tamworth? We believe that, to a great extent at least, Peel's change of views was the result of fear. He anticipated from day to day, under a reformed Parliament, such a rude assault upon all the old institutions of the country, and especially on the Church, as would lay them in ruins; and he was desirous, by anticipating the shock, to postpone, if he could not entirely avert, its violence. Now in this, as experience has shown, he greatly deceived himself.

The Whigs of 1835 were no more revolutionists than the Tories. They had gained by their bill all that they desired to gain—such a redistribution of influence as rendered them more powerful at the hustings than their rivals; but they harbored no intention of sharing their power with the Radicals, or of pandering to Radical sympathies, by making war upon the Church or the House of Lords. On the other hand, the Whigs were then, as they are now, Conservative only while in office. Keep them there, and with your support they are ready to maintain the social system as it is; turn them out, and then trim your sails, for there is a certainty of bad weather. Neither Peel nor the heads of the Church understood this. He proposed, they gladly consented, that he should take up the question of Church reform rather than leave it to the Whigs, from whom they persuaded themselves that worse things would come. And so it was with the rest of his political progress. If it was based on pure con-

viction, why did not conviction sooner lead to acts? If not arising out of pure conviction, to what motive must we refer it? The result fell far short of his own anticipations and those of his friends. The Tamworth Manifesto did not gain over a single hostile constituency; it merely wounded their sense of right in many of his own more honest supporters. He met, in consequence, a Parliament still disinclined to accept his leadership, and he was defeated.

We have nothing to do with the immediate ground of Sir Robert Peel's defeat; it was quite in keeping with Whig principle at that time. A resolution to apply to secular purposes a portion of the Church's property in Ireland, was carried against him, upon which the statesman who moved it never, we will undertake to say, seriously thought of acting. But the manœuvre testified to the shortsightedness of the policy which placed Conservatism ahead of the country, instead of leaving the country to put forward Conservatism of its own accord. For such shortsightedness Peel is not to be blamed. He did not conceal, even from the duke, his regret that the king had been allowed to dismiss his Whig ministers. These ministers were fast losing their hold upon the respect of the country. On the one hand, the Radicals charged them with abandoning their own principles; on the other, moderate men even of their own party were disgusted with the alliance into which they had entered with Mr. O'Connell. And their financial policy was wretched. A little more forbearance—a year or two of continued submission to their government—would have filled up the measure of discontent out of doors, and Sir Robert Peel and his friends, untrammelled by pledges, would have been lifted on the shoulders of the people into power. As it was, the king's impatience, and—we repeat it—the unlucky absence of Peel from England, restored to them just so much of popular favor as enabled them not only to resume office, but to retain it throughout the remainder of William's reign, and during the first years—and they were in every point of view critical years—of those of his most gracious and beloved successor.

Never had Peel stood so high as during the few months of his first occupancy of the Treasury benches; his calmness, his moderation, his skill in debate, won for him the

plaudits of foes as well as friends. Without bating a jot of what was due to himself, he yet exhibited on all occasions such deference to the decisions of the House, even when they were manifestly unjust, that the very men who strove to bear him down looked with respect upon their victim, and his followers would have laid down their lives to sustain him. In like manner, his fall proved to be, so far as he was personally concerned, a conspicuous triumph. From great towns, as well as from counties, addresses of condolence and respect poured in upon him, and in the House many an eye, not much used to weep, shed tears. Had nature endowed him with a disposition more frank—had but his manner been more genial—he might have become, if ever public man did, master of the very wills of his party. But no sooner was the struggle over than he withdrew again, in a great measure, within himself. At public meetings he continued to give sage counsel, and his hand was felt again to restrain; but it was seldom open to the grasp, except of a few. Now, by wisdom alone neither the world nor a political party has ever been governed. A political leader cannot afford to live alone, or only with a clique. If he is to reign in men's hearts—and unless he reign there, his tenure of power will always be uncertain—he must live among them. If he is to obtain confidence, he must give, or appear to give it. We repeat, however, that Peel's management of the Opposition, as a body, was admirable. It never again committed itself to a false move, because it gave itself up without a question to his guidance.

It is well known that one of Peel's first acts, after accepting the king's commission to form a ministry, was to address communications to the present Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, and to Sir James Graham, inviting them to become his colleagues in office. Between their views of general policy, and those expressed in the Tamworth Manifesto, there were, in point of fact, no differences; and they had already separated themselves, in no friendly spirit, from Lord Melbourne. If they had met Peel's proposal as it was rendered, who can tell what the consequences might have been? But a scrupulous—may we not say a too scrupulous—regard to the claims of old connection restrained them; and though they never joined in the attacks which were made upon the

new minister, the support which they gave him was, of necessity, feeble and ineffective. Gradually, however, time and events overcame their scruples; and in opposition that union was cemented, to which the possession of power by one of the parties seeking it had opposed an insuperable obstacle. It appeared likewise, as if with their seceding colleagues the Whigs had lost all their administrative talent. Ireland became unmanageable; trade grew dull; the foreign politics of the country got confused; and year by year the revenue continued to fall off.

At last the machine came to a dead-lock, and in 1839 Lord Melbourne resigned. This was a sore trial to the queen, to whom the fascinating manners of her prime minister had greatly endeared him; and who had adopted him, as was natural in a lady so young and inexperienced, as her political monitor. She sent for the Duke of Wellington, however, who advised, as he had done in 1835, that the formation of a new ministry should be assigned to Sir Robert Peel. And here let us not omit to vindicate Peel from the party charge, which M. Guizot has been so unwise as to reiterate, that he outraged the queen's sense of personal dignity by demanding that all the places in the household should be filled up by him. He did nothing of the sort. He found that Lord Melbourne had placed about her majesty two ladies—one the sister, the other a near relative of two of the retiring ministers; and knowing how impossible it would be for her majesty to hinder these ladies from acquiring information, the communication of which to the political enemies of the Cabinet could not but prove inconvenient, Peel respectfully requested permission to replace them by any others whom her majesty might be pleased to select. This was not only a constitutional, but it was towards her majesty personally a delicate proposal. While it removed a probable source of embarrassment from before the queen as well as from before her ministers, it ruptured no ancient tie of personal affection; because, as it happened, both ladies had received their appointments only within a brief interval; and Peel did not presume to name the persons by whom they were to be succeeded. But the ladies took fire. They spoke to their relatives, their relatives spoke to Lord Melbourne, and Lord Melbourne to the queen;

a step unbecoming in one who was no longer the queen's confidential adviser,—and doubly so because of the animus which dictated his appeal. The consequences are well known. Her majesty refused to part with her two ladies of the bed-chamber; and the Whigs, by a manœuvre—perhaps the most discreditable to which public men ever lent themselves—came back again for a brief interval into place.

But nothing could save them. One blunder led to another. The addition of five per cent to the assessed taxes failed to bring up the revenue to the expenditure; and fresh loans only rendered each annual deficiency more startling. At last they were beaten on a vote of want of confidence; and the dissolution which they tried gave them a House of Commons which took the earliest opportunity of declaring against them by a majority of ninety.

The history of Peel's second administration is of such recent date that we do not consider it necessary to enter at all into its details. Never since Pitt, in 1784, achieved his great triumph over an adverse Parliament, had a British minister made himself so completely master of the House of Commons and of the country. His Cabinet, too, comprised some of the ablest men of the age. In the House of Lords, the duke, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Aberdeen were supreme; in the Commons, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham were well supported by Mr. Goulburne, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Sir William Follet. Behind these were coming on such men as Sidney Herbert, William Gladstone, Lord Lincoln, now Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Cardwell; while Disraeli, Sir John Pakington, and other chiefs of the present Conservative party, were ready to serve, and did for a time serve faithfully, though too little, as the event has shown, consulted and brought forward. What a game was in Peel's hands! did he play it well?

The new ministers had not held many Cabinet meetings ere the faintest symptom of disunion began to show itself among them. The Duke of Buckingham, then the acknowledged head of the agricultural interest, suddenly retired. He assigned no reason for the step, and the Conservatives abstained from pressing for any; being, indeed, the more reconciled to his loss that Sir Edward

Knatchbull, also one of the leaders of the country party, held office. Still there was the slightest possible misgiving, which, however, did not cast a shade over the first meeting of the House under the leadership of Peel; and when he made his masterly statement, proposing a small income-tax, a modification of the Corn Laws, and an obviously wise revision of the commercial code of the country, he was listened to with breathless attention, and carried even the staunchest of the Protectionists along with him. Once more let us be permitted to guard ourselves against misapprehension. The wisdom of Peel's commercial and economical policy we are not going to question, he may have been substantially right in every thing which he proposed; but we believe that the immense success which attended his first endeavors as a minister proved fatal to himself, and ruined the great Conservative party. Never communicative, even when he felt that there was need to conciliate, he grew, on the strength of his parliamentary majorities, all but insolent. We doubt whether he took his colleagues in the Cabinet into his entire confidence; we know that he never condescended to feel the pulses even of the most eminent of his supporters out of the Cabinet on any measure till it was proposed. His reserve became more marked every day, and the very tone of his correspondence with old friends changed. Yet it would be greatly to belie him if it were assumed that he was destitute of feeling all the while or despised sympathy. The favored few who had constant access to him, always spoke of him with warm affection; and it is indicative both of wisdom and of his generosity, that he encouraged young statesmen especially to come about him. Why are Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Cardwell, Peelites to the back-bone at this day? Because Peel saw more of them in later days, and conversed with them more freely than with any other persons, his oldest friend Goulburne not excepted.

If Peel over-rode many prejudices in the imposition of a property-tax and his revision of the tariff, he gained the entire approval of the more thoughtful in both sections of the empire by his vigorous proceedings against O'Connell. The monster meetings, and the language used at them, had become intolerable; and Peel, believing both to be illegal,

put the law in force. No insurrection followed the arrest, the condemnation, or the imprisonment of the agitator; and though subsequently released by the decision on appeal of the House of Lords, O'Connell ceased ever after to be a dangerous member of society. Peel's foreign policy, likewise, under the judicious management of Lord Aberdeen, was most successful. Once only the friendly relations between this country and France were imperilled; but moderation on both sides overcame the difficulty, and peace was maintained. In India and in China he re-deemed the blunders of his predecessors, and the finances of the country righted themselves. Yet mischief was brewing both within the House and without.

We do not think that the memory of Sir Robert Peel derives much benefit from the publication of the volume which professes to explain his proceedings, and the motives for them, on the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws. The truth we believe to be, that before the Anti-Corn-Law League had attained the dimensions to which it eventually reached, Peel was at heart a thorough free-trader. We believe, also, that he was restrained from moving more rapidly in the direction of free trade rather by respect for the prejudices of others, than through any misgivings in himself. Now his duty under such circumstances was obvious, and he ought at all risks to have gone through with it. His party had raised him to power—most of them, but not all, because they believed, or persuaded themselves to believe, that he was an anti-free-trader. He ought to have seized the earliest opportunity of calling the more influential among them together, and explaining that conservatism did not mean the maintenance of high duties on foreign corn, or the exclusion from the English market of any article fabricated abroad. Had he adopted this course, we are as confident as we can be of any thing, that if he failed to carry the party along with him, at least he would have escaped the charge of treachery and the bitterness to which it gave rise. For the wildest advocate of the agricultural leaders at that time implied no more than that the repeal of the Corn Laws, if effected, should certainly be followed by the repeal of all laws which gave protection to British manufactures.

Peel was not politically courageous enough

to follow this line. He had so often stood forward as the champion of protection, that he was afraid to acknowledge to his adherents that his views were changed. He therefore preferred wearing the mask a little longer, and trusted to the chapter of accidents for a convenient moment to lay it aside. Meanwhile the Anti-Corn-Law League grew more formidable from day to day; and the Whigs, according to their wont in such cases, joined the agitators. Their motive was obvious enough. They desired to harass, to weaken, and ultimately to throw out the ministry; and the ministers themselves helped to play their game. Peel's relaxation of the Corn Laws had alarmed the Conservatives, without satisfying their rivals. Sir Edward Knatchbull withdrew from the Cabinet, and the loss of an honest, if not a very able man, was rendered more serious because of the suspicions which attached to it. Personal feeling, likewise, began to work. There was antagonism instead of sympathy between Peel and Disraeli; and Disraeli was not a man to be drawn through any cause into hostility without detriment to the party which provoked him. It is but fair to add, that the House of Commons, under the supercilious treatment which it received from the government, showed frequent symptoms of impatience. Peel carried his Bank Charter Act by an immense majority in both Houses; yet of those who voted for him, not a few complained that he had scarcely condescended to point out the circumstances which rendered this measure necessary. His next proposal, to replace the annual grant to the college of Maynooth by a permanent endowment, was not so well received. It was ushered in by a speech which gave mortal offence to advanced Protestants, almost all of whom sat behind him, and which was applauded by the Whigs, because, as they affirmed, it expressed their views, not his, on the subject. From the benches in Peel's rear were heard, for the first time, strains of sarcasm as well as of reproach. He was pronounced to be a great parliamentary middle-man—a man who bamboozles one party and plunders the other, till, having obtained a position to which he is not entitled, he cries out, "Let us have no party questions, but fixity of tenure."

It is hard to say which galled Peel the most—the opposition of a large section of

his own followers, or the patronizing support which he received from Lord John Russell and the Whigs. He saw, likewise, with more of regret than surprise, that the feeling out of doors was against him. Nor did he redeem his position, whatever benefit he may have conferred upon the state, by establishing in Ireland what Sir Robert Inglis denounced as "Godless colleges." Partly, perhaps, on this account, partly because he had sentiment, if not justice, on his side, Lord Ashley succeeded in carrying against the government an important amendment on the bill for regulating the hours of labor in the factories. This was more than Sir Robert Peel could bear. He threatened to resign. The Conservatives were neither so far irritated as to desire this, nor weak enough to believe that, as yet, they could go on without him. The vote was therefore rescinded. But when the same tactics were tried again under similar circumstances, on a question affecting the sugar duties, the issues proved less satisfactory. The House felt that it was treated disrespectfully. Mr. Disraeli expressed his own sentiments, and the sentiments of many others, in a tone which wounded, if it failed to convince; and Peel, affecting to despise what he could not but perceive to be very damaging both to himself and to his supporters, declined to reply. It was evident to the most casual observer that the Conservatives were breaking up into two camps; that, though still allied, they were no longer a homogeneous body; and that, if this system of sharp attack on the one side, and ostentatious contempt on the other, were continued, the allies would soon separate, if they did not turn their arms against each other.

We are of opinion that the Anti-Corn-Law agitators, though they never avowed it, took renewed heart from the contemplation of this schism, and that Peel's budget of 1845, excellent as in the main it was, greatly strengthened their hands. He retained both the income-tax and the duty on foreign corn, while he reduced the duties on sugar, raw cotton, coal for export, and glass, and liberated entirely four hundred and thirty minor articles—among which were drugs, including arsenic and other poisons. The press, and especially the *Times*, which had for some time wavered, now ranged itself on the side of the League. "While our bread is taxed,"

it was said, "arsenic is admitted duty free; so that if we cannot have food at the natural price, we may have poison on moderate terms. . . . Bones of cattle are liberated from duty, but the flesh upon them remains subject to the landlord's tax; foreign animals are allowed to furnish us with every thing but meat—free admission is granted to their bones, their hides, their hair, their hoofs, their horns, their tails—to every thing but their flesh, which is precisely the part of which we stand most in need. Feathers, flock, and flower-roots for beds, have won the favor of the premier; but flocks of sheep continue under the appropriate protection of the Duke of Richmond." In like manner, the distinction maintained by him between slave-grown and other sugars furnished Mr. Macaulay with an opening for one of his most successful outpourings of irony. All this irritated Peel, because it seemed to give satisfaction, rather than the reverse, to a large section of his professed adherents. They disliked his measures for reasons the very opposite of those which insured to them the hostility of the *Times* and of Mr. Macaulay, yet they made no secret of the pleasure with which they read the stinging articles which appeared in the one, and listened to the diatribes of the other. Who can hesitate, with such evidence before him, to believe that the severance of Peel's views from those of the old Tory party was already complete, and that the repeal of the Corn Laws only anticipated by a brief space the rupture of all political connection between them which had become sooner or later inevitable?

Things were in this state when the potato-blight began to show itself, creating everywhere a degree of panic for which there was no just reason. Not that the misfortune was a light one; far from it. In Ireland especially, where the mass of the population depended for subsistence upon the potato, such a failure of the crop as threatened could not but be attended with the greatest inconvenience. Yet more than inconvenience would probably not have been experienced, had the government acted with becoming energy on the occasion; for it is a curious fact, that in Great Britain and in Ireland, at this time, there was corn enough in bond to feed the whole population of the former section of the empire for many months. It was quite

within the province of the minister, as soon as the first indications of famine appeared, to permit, by order in council, the liberation of this corn, or any portion of it, and to suspend, if need were, the operation of the Corn Laws themselves. Or better still, it was competent to the Cabinet, without any interference with these laws, to make such advances from the treasury as would have sufficed to keep the Irish peasantry employed on profitable work, and so prevented them from starving. For either proceeding, under the circumstances, an act of indemnity would have certainly been obtained. Unfortunately, however, the executive government shrank from both courses. The former appeared to Sir Robert Peel's colleagues too hazardous. They were apprehensive that the suspension of the Corn Laws in any shape would amount to a repeal; for who, on the re-assembling of Parliament, would venture to propose their re-imposition? To the latter Peel himself was opposed. He did not choose to incur the responsibility of contracting a public debt in order to retain a tax on corn. And so, for lack of unanimity among the members of the administration, events were left to take their course, and thousands of persons died of hunger in a country which overflowed with wealth, and had its granaries bursting with corn. But we are anticipating.

We are not going to write a detailed history of the years 1845 and 1846—of the stormy debates which characterized the progress of the parliamentary sessions; or of the diatribes written and spoken, which disturbed the public mind out of doors—Sir Robert Peel's steady refusal to grant the committee for which Mr. Cobden applied, Mr. Cobden's speech, Mr. Sidney Herbert's reply, and Mr. Disraeli's rejoinder, are probably fresh in the recollection of the majority of our readers. They were alike indicative of change in the political horizon, which the most careless could not fail to observe; and the change, so foreshadowed, was not slow in making itself felt. The sliding-scale was maintained against the attacks of Mr. Villiers and the entire Whig and Free-trade party; but it was maintained amid an ominous silence on the part of the minister. It subsequently came out that already, before the potato disease had developed itself, the minister was convinced of the impolicy

of Corn Laws in any shape. Why did he not then, if not before, make a frank avowal of principle to his followers? Because it was then too late. Angry passions were roused on all sides, which no amount of frankness now could have availed to appease.

At last, on the 9th of August, Parliament was prorogued. The summer had been wet and cold, and the weather still continued inclement. The promise of the harvest was, in every respect, a bad one; and all over Europe the same evil report was heard. Still the Corn Laws remained unchanged, the House of Commons having refused to substitute for the sliding-scale a fixed duty, first of 8s., next of 5s. per quarter. There was fierce agitation in Manchester, Birmingham, and in London; and suddenly, on the 22d of November, Lord John Russell's memorable letter to his constituents made its appearance. It was the last straw which broke the camel's back. It enunciated to the public opinions which Sir Robert Peel was endeavoring at this very time to recommend to his colleagues for adoption. On the 25th the Cabinet met, and the question of a suspension of the Corn Laws, with a view to their ultimate repeal was debated; but Peel could not carry a majority with him. Not even the reluctant consent of the duke to follow his guidance could prevail upon more than Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert to vote with him. On the 8th of December, therefore, Peel sent in his resignation to the queen, accompanied by a letter, concerning the fitness of which, in every point of view, grave doubts may be entertained. For not only were all his own opinions on the question of repeal stated, but a sort of history was given of the discussions in Cabinet, which prevented his acting on these opinions. And then the writer added—"Your majesty can, if you think fit, make this communication known to the minister who, as successor to Sir Robert Peel, may be honored by your majesty's confidence." In other words, "I am desirous not only that your majesty should yourself have a perfect knowledge of all these circumstances, but that you should make them known to the minister who, as my successor, may be honored by your majesty's confidence." It was this indirect request to the sovereign that she would explain to his successor the differences in her Cabinet, and the

causes of them, which gave to Sir Robert Peel's letter its somewhat equivocal character; for it not only broke up the Conservative administration, a catastrophe which was, perhaps, inseparable just then from the resignation of Peel himself, but it rendered the formation of any other ministry not pledged to a repeal of the Corn Laws impossible. Now, if it be conceded that the repeal of the Corn Laws was a measure of such importance that only by passing it the constitution could be preserved, then no fault can be found with a Conservative minister for preferring to the life of the party of which he was at the head, the life of the constitution itself. But surely, on no other or lighter grounds—on no grounds of mere expediency, or convenience, or even of the balance of fiscal good to the country over fiscal evil—can an act be founded which destroyed at a blow all confidence between man and man, if it did not take away all faith in the sincerity and honor of public men in general.

But we have not yet done with Sir Robert Peel's inconsistencies in this matter. After throwing the game, as it were, into the hands of the Whigs, he would not allow them to win it. As if it had been his object not merely to throw out, but to destroy the Tory party, he insisted on doing himself, as a Tory minister, what, by a little cordial co-operation as a private member of Parliament, he could have enabled the Whigs to effect far better. What were his motives? Was he influenced by pure love of country? Or did he desire to have his own name associated with a fiscal arrangement which he had learned to regard with a species of political idolatry? Or was anger towards the party, from which of late he had suffered so many personal mortifications, busy within him? People will answer these questions according to the general estimate which they form of the character of the man. For ourselves, we are free to confess that we believe Peel to have been under the pressure, not of any one feeling, but of many, on this occasion. And we believe, further, looking not only to his own reputation and influence, but to the best interests of the country, which he sincerely loved, that he committed even a greater mistake in preventing the formation of Lord John's government, than he did when he compelled the members of his own administration to shipwreck both themselves and

their party, by speaking and voting at his pleasure in the teeth of their long-cherished and still avowed convictions.

It will be seen that in handling this delicate matter we have carefully avoided expressing any opinion of our own on the abstract question of Corn Laws, as part of the commercial system of this country. If protective duties affecting human food be mischievous, then as the original enactment of Corn Laws was a blunder, so their repeal, as soon as the public mind was prepared for it, became a duty; and if a duty, then it was right to go through with it at all hazards. But the style of oratory which prevailed at the time, the determination to connect repeal with the Irish famine, was the merest claptrap. As a remedy for the evil in question, the repeal of the Corn Laws was quite worthless. All that could be done to feed the Irish was already done before the question came under discussion in Parliament. First the general public, and then the government, acknowledged the necessity of prompt action, and money was raised, and committees of relief formed, which purchased Indian-corn, and brought food within the reach of those who, being without money of their own, were just as little able to buy cheap bread as dear. Nor is this all. It was impossible, in the nature of things, that Sir Robert Peel's great measure could have any effect on the condition of Ireland. The duties on foreign corn were not removed at once. The law, on the contrary, settled that they should go through a gradual process of diminution, which was to reach the point of extinction after three years; and three years of continued famine, assuming that the Corn Laws were in any measure the causes of it, would have been just as fatal to the generation made subject to it as thirty years. The Irish famine was a telling card in the hands of Mr. Cobden and the League. Mr. Fox and his friends made the best use of it. But such reasonings as these ought not to have had any weight with statesmen of Sir Robert Peel's calibre; and, in spite of his own declarations to the contrary, we have great difficulty in believing that they had any weight with Sir Robert himself.

There seems no reason any longer to doubt, that when, in 1842, Peel introduced his first modifications into the tariff, he looked to the ultimate triumph of the prin-

ciples of free trade as a mere question of time. The famous letter to the merchants of an obscure town in the north of Germany, indicates as much; and all his proceedings, subsequently to the arrangements therein referred to, corroborate that testimony. It is clear, also, that he contemplated the substitution, to a considerable extent, of direct for indirect taxation, as a permanent fiscal arrangement. Whether he was right or wrong in adopting these views, is not the question now before us; but, looking both to his own past and his own future, he was, in our opinion, decidedly wrong in the mode by which he endeavored to carry them into effect. Never was minister more popular, never had minister more power than he to bend the opinions of others to his own, had he set about the operation, on his first assumption of office, in a right spirit. There was such a feeling of triumph in 1842, such a sense of relief from the burden of Whig misrule, that men were ready to take up and to lay down almost any political opinions at his bidding. Pitt or Canning, circumstanced as he then was, would have done all that he did, and more too, yet carried the best wishes of his adherents along with him. Pitt or Canning would have had no needless reserve in any of his dealings. Their steps in advance would have been taken gradually, and never without previous communication with their supporters. They would have satisfied the most incredulous that the constitution of 1832 could not be worked on the same principles with the constitution of 1822; and by representing each concession as an experiment, they might, and probably would, have been allowed to follow the bent of their own inclinations to the end. But Peel was incapable of this. He could not unbend, or open his mind even to those immediately about him. He would not condescend to argue the propriety of schemes which his deliberate judgment approved, except in the House of Commons. For him, therefore, to cajole, so to speak, the great Tory party into doing right, was constitutionally impossible. Hence every act of his, even when its abstract wisdom might be admitted, gave offence. Nobody likes to be taken by surprise, even once: to be taken by surprise time after time, and time after time to have the mortification of eating his own words, or outraging his own prejudices, becomes in

the end an intolerable bondage. The Tories could not bear it.

But another course was open to Peel. He could not fail to perceive, from what followed the endowment of Maynooth and the second revision of the tariff, that the confidence of the party in their leader was gone. All his services during the years of opposition seemed to be forgotten, and ominous murmurs referring to the treason, as it was called, of 1829, were again heard. So early, indeed, as the opening of the session of 1845, he had been plainly told that he was betraying the Parliament which brought him into power, and that a Conservative government under his guidance was an organized hypocrisy. He had no right, after this, to keep his place as the head of the Tory party. Then, and not one day later, he should have announced, at all events to the rest of the Cabinet, his purpose of repealing the Corn Laws; and if he failed to carry them along with him, he ought to have retired from office. But here, again, the defects in Peel's character as a politician proved too strong for him. He seems never to have understood the importance, in a free state, of fidelity to party; fidelity, not in the sense which is too often applied to the term,—viz., a blind adherence to opinions once expressed,—but fidelity implying tenderness for the personal feelings and due respect for the judgments of those with whom we act. Though far from adopting M. Guizot's estimate either of the general merits or demerits of the subject of his panegyric, we entirely assent to the truth of the following observations :—

"This judicious politician," he says, "this skilful tactician, this consummate financier, this reasoner who had so marvellous a knowledge of party, this orator who was often so eloquent, and always so powerful, did not know how to live on intimate terms with his party, to imbue them beforehand with his ideas, to animate them with his spirit, to associate them with his designs as well as with his successes, with the workings of his mind as well as with the chances of his fortune. He was cold, taciturn, and solitary in the midst of his army, and almost equally so in the midst of his staff. It was his maxim that it was better to make concessions to his enemies than to his friends. The day came when he had to demand great concessions from his friends—not for himself, for he sought none, but for the public interest,

which he had warmly at heart. He found them cold in their turn, not prepared to yield, and strangers to the transformations which he had himself undergone. He was not in a position to make them share his views, and to bring them to a necessary compromise."

And yet this man was, in all the relations of private life, amiable and excellent—a true and devoted husband, an affectionate father, a liberal patron of the arts, a hearty promoter of all that had a tendency to better the condition of others. No doubt, even in his private virtues he was still Sir Robert Peel. He could not grant a small endowment to a book-club in Tamworth, without annexing to it conditions which marked him as the benefactor. He turned the first sod on the opening of the Trent Valley line of railway with the same verbosity which characterized his establishment of one of those ecclesiastical structures which, after him and his bill, are still called the "Peel Parishes." Hospitable and kind, he was yet shy even in his own house; and in the houses of others he seemed to shrink from close communion with any one. We have seen him, when we were guests together in the same mansion, sit, of an evening, quite apart from the rest of the company, and read; and that, too, though the company consisted, in part at least, of the very persons with whom he lived on terms of the closest intimacy. Such a man ought to have been an aristocrat. With talents of a very high order, with great knowledge, great caution, great experience, he was not fit to be an English minister. His policy may have been—whatever be the measure taken of it—beneficial in no common degree to the country; but it was carried through at such an expense of lacerated affections and broken political ties, that it may admit of a question whether the good received has not been secured at too costly a price.

We need not go on with this sketch. Having baffled Lord John, Peel resumed office, and carried, as is well known, with the support of the Whigs, his great measure, against the voices of two-thirds of his own party. He could not expect to escape, in doing so, the censure of those who charged him with having betrayed them. It was poured upon him, and upon the rest of the ministers, with no sparing hand, and in terms which the heat of the moment might in some degree palliate.

ate, but which admits of no deliberate justification. All sober-minded men, not thrown into the vortex of the whirlpool, regretted this violence at the time; all, even the more prominent actors in the scene, regret it now. But surely, there is, or ought to be, an end of angry feeling. To Sir Robert Peel's merits, after the sad accident which removed him from among us, none bore more willing testimony than those who, in 1846, cut him most deeply with their irony. And surely, when the brother of the statesman so abused finds it possible to act again with them, not in the House only but in the Cabinet, it ill becomes the friends of that statesman, no matter how attached, to stand upon their old grudges.

Sir Robert carried his repeal of the Corn Laws, and five weeks afterwards, on the 25th of June, proposed the second reading of a bill for the repression of acts of violence and disorder in Ireland. He had been supported on the first reading, which came on before the Corn Bill was proposed, by a majority of one hundred and forty-nine votes; he now found, as indeed he expected to do, the great bulk of these ready to oppose him. The Conservative party, under the guidance of Lord George Bentinck, gave free scope to their indignation; and, for the avowed purpose of avenging themselves on the minister, threw out the bill by a majority of seventy-three votes. Sir Robert took the defeat with calmness and dignity; not one angry word escaped him. He waited in the House till the result of the division was announced, and then, amid profound silence, withdrew. There was no cheering on either side. The Conservatives knew that the victory which they had won would not, in its results, work them good. The Whigs and Radicals, conscious that no share of the merits of success belonged to them, showed little gladness and no disposition to triumph. Yet at this very moment both parties heard that Peel's foreign policy was crowned with success, and that the differences which had threatened at one time to plunge England and America into a war, were reconciled.

From the day of his resignation of office, up to that on which the fatal accident occurred to him, Peel maintained, or endeavored to do so, an independent position in the House of Commons. Generally speaking, he gave his support to Lord John Rus-

sell's administration. He aided the government to get rid of the Navigation Laws, to introduce poor laws into Ireland, and to carry through, in 1847, a Coercion Bill similar in its details to that which they had enabled the angry Tories to throw out in 1846. In a like spirit he supported the increased grant which Lord John proposed for education; and not only voted, but spoke in favor of a bill for the admission of Jews into Parliament. It seemed, indeed, as if now at length he felt himself free to follow the promptings of his own judgment. Finally, he suggested the adoption of a measure, which the government first resisted, but which it afterwards took up and carried through—the establishment of the Encumbered Estates Court, which has done more to remedy the worst social evils of Ireland than all the other laws which Parliament has passed since the union of the two legislatures. All this was directly at variance with the rigid obstructiveness for which his enemies had labored to give him credit, and it very much increased the hostility of the more prejudiced among his former supporters. Yet it was quite in accord with the whole turn of his mind. "Robert," his father is reported to have said, "has a great deal of the Whig in him; he must be carefully trained to become a Tory." Certainly, if by Whig the old man meant a statesman of large views on all questions not affecting the principles of the constitution, he was right; but according to our reading of the expression, it applies rather to Tories than to Whigs—certainly to Tories of the school of Pitt, in which Peel had been carefully educated.

So public matters went on, Peel holding himself aloof from any connection with the Whigs, though generally supporting them in their home policy, when the Don Pacifico question arose, and Lord Palmerston's treatment of the little helpless kingdom of Greece gave offence to France, and was condemned by more than the Tory party in England. Under the leadership of Lord Stanley, the House of Lords passed upon it a formal vote of censure, and in the House of Commons there was every disposition to repeat the blow. But the catastrophe of a change of ministers, which nobody in truth desired, was prevented by the co-operation with the Cabinet of Mr. Roebuck and the Radicals.

The learned gentleman moved that "the principles on which the foreign policy of her majesty's government have been regulated, have been such as are calculated to maintain the honor and dignity of this country, and, in times of unexampled difficulty, to preserve peace between England and the various nations of the world." This was a declaration which wounded Sir Robert Peel's sensitive nature. He accepted it, as bringing the foreign policy of past governments, of many of which he had been himself a member, into unfavorable comparison with that of the present government; and towards the close of the debate he rose to protest against its adoption. He was listened to with breathless attention—for neither section of the House knew which side he was going to espouse; and in spite of all that men said and affected to believe, his moral influence, both in Parliament and out of it, had never been more commanding than at that moment. When, therefore, he declared, "I will state the grounds upon which I protest against the resolution, the carrying of which, I believe, will give a false impression with respect to the dignity and honor of this country, and will establish a principle which you cannot put into execution without imminent danger to the best interests of the country," it is scarcely going too far to say that the House was electrified. The ministers felt that the staff which had so long contributed, at least, to support them, was gone; while the Conservatives looked to Peel once more, as a far sounder politician and truer Englishman and Tory, than the strong prejudices to which they had of late yielded themselves up, permitted them to see that he was.

Ministers carried the resolution, however, by a majority of forty-six votes. It was well that they did. The Opposition—broken up into fragments, one of which was called a party without a leader; another, leaders without a party—was by no means in a condition to profit by success, had it been achieved. But without all doubt, the effect of the discussion was very materially to abate the bitterness of the alienation which kept the best and wisest of Peel's old friends apart from their old leader.

The debate of which we have spoken began in the evening of Friday, the 28th of June. Daylight had come in on Saturday

the 29th, when Peel quitted the House, satisfied with the success which he had achieved, and more cheerful in consequence, than he had appeared to be after any other debate since the repeal of the Corn Laws. Having rested a few hours in bed, he went about noon to attend a meeting of the commission which was to arrange for the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851; and about five o'clock rode out, attended by a groom, to take his usual exercise in the Park. He was in the act of speaking to Miss Ellis, who was likewise on horseback, when his horse suddenly shied and swerved round, and Sir Robert, always a loose and rather inelegant rider, was thrown violently over the animal's head. A medical gentleman from Glasgow happened to be near, and with some other persons ran immediately to lift him up. Being asked whether he were hurt, he replied, with a heavy groan, "Yes, very much;" and before a carriage could be procured, he fainted. In this state he was lifted into Mrs. Lucas' carriage, where he soon recovered his senses, and declared himself to be better. But the mortal blow was given. He was conveyed slowly to his residence in Whitehall Gardens, and laid upon a sofa in the library. He never quitted that room alive. Always, even in health, nervously sensitive to pain, he would not submit to any close examination of the nature of his hurts; and when his medical attendants had set the collar-bone, in which a fracture was discovered, he became so irritable under the pressure of the bandages that they were forced to remove them. The consequence was, that with all the skill and science of London at his service, he left nature to take her course, and died in great agony from congestion of the lung; upon which, after all was over, it was discovered that a broken rib was pressing.

The outline which we have endeavored in a spirit of perfect impartiality to sketch, will have conveyed to the minds of our readers a more accurate view of Sir Robert Peel's character, as it represents itself to our minds, than could be given by any formal summing up, however elaborately and skilfully prepared. It would be too much to speak of him as one of England's greatest statesmen. He possessed little originality of mind, and no genius. But he was painstaking, able, industrious, unprejudiced, honest in the best

sense of that term, and incapable of meanness. In spite of the pains which were taken to settle his opinions in early life, he seems never to have wholly surrendered his own judgment to that of others. Indeed, his nature was one of those which mature themselves very slowly, and are therefore open to the charge, often very ill-founded, of having no fixed principles to guide them. How gradual, yet how steady, were the advances which he made towards the adoption of those views of commercial policy which are now everywhere in the ascendant. How, by little and little, the conviction seems to have dawned upon him that men's religious opinions ought not of themselves to present any impediment to their possession of political power. Yet no man of his age cared more for the well-being of the working classes; and it would be to do him great wrong were we to question his firm attachment to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England. Peel's defects were those of temperament merely. He was constitutionally shy and proud. He could neither give nor receive unshackled familiarity. His manner was not a pleasant one, either in the House of Commons or anywhere else. His anxiety always to represent himself as actuated by the loftiest motives, and as sacrificing inclination and the ties of friendship to duty, amounted to positive Pecksniffianism. It was this weakness of temper, doubtless, which made him resent as a wrong done person-

ally to himself any thing like remonstrance against his plans, whether of public policy or private patronage. The same may be said of his ostentatious rejection of titles of honor for his children as well as for himself. There is as much of snobishness in the pride which affects to despise rank to which it has not been born, as in the folly which worships rank for its own sake. Peel exhibited this weakness in his will, and seemed at least to be often under its influence in society. He had many admirers, therefore, but few friends. Still he was a man of whom, with all his shortcomings, England has cause to be proud; and whose name will go down to posterity among the ablest and most disinterested of those who have taken the lead in the management of her affairs.

We cannot conclude without a few words about the charming volume which has furnished us with the opportunity of writing this paper; it cannot fail to be largely and pleasantly read. We do not quite agree with Sir Lawrence in the estimate which he forms of his relative's character and abilities. We think that he has considerably under-estimated the latter; and we are not quite sure that a man so genial as he, could fully appreciate either the lights or shades in the former. But he evidently sat down to his task determined not to be carried away by his feelings, and he has produced a work which is as creditable to his heart as to his head.

OUR notice of the Savonarola Bible has brought us the gratifying intelligence that an English gentleman, resident of Florence during the earlier part of this year, took the opportunity of employing, at his own expense, an Italian copyist of great skill to make a transcript of all the writings of Savonarola contained in the Bible to which our notice referred—that printed at Basil, in 1491, and preserved in the Magliabechian Library. The copy thus made of these writings occupies seven hundred and fifty-three pages in small folio; it is most distinctly and

beautifully written, with all the abbreviations expressed in full, so that the work may be read with the greatest ease. The owner of this transcript, we understand, intends giving it to one of our Universities, or to some other public body, in order that, under their sanction, the whole, or part of it, may be published, either in the Latin language, in which it is written, or in the English translation. In either case, we dare say the Italians will speedily translate it into their own tongue; for they are naturally very anxious just now to become possessed of the views of their great Reformer.—*Athenæum*.

From The Dublin University Magazine.
A STORY OF THE POSTE RESTANTE.

From Sir Gaspar Monckton to William
Lawrence, Esq.

ROME.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—I wrote to you last week from Rome.

You have not been spared my impressions of St. Peter's. I was not ashamed to tell you of my admiration of this noble structure, which it is the fashion to say is a mistake. I grew classical at the capitol and the Appian way, and expansive on the vast plains of the Campagna; but it is none of these things I have now to tell you. Lawrence, I must leave Rome. The one thing has happened that would drive me forth even from Paradise. The one being is here that I would go to Siberia to avoid! You guess whom I mean; her name—even to you—never passes my lips; and it was a torture to me to inquire even what were her movements, except so far as to avoid her.

This I thought I had securely done by coming to Rome—a place which, I scarcely know why, was never the least associated with her in my mind. And now that I know, or think, she is here, the question is ever before me with a strange pertinacity: does she know I am here? Does she avoid all chance of meeting me as sedulously as I do her?

Our encounter happened thus: I went to inquire about seeing the statues of the Vatican by torchlight, and was told, at Piale's library, that I might join a party that evening.

It was a rainy, moonless evening, when the ominous number of thirteen visitors landed from their respective carriages at the side entrance; up the wide slopes and steps we went, the rain dripping on us as we passed the open courts, and the long, unlighted vistas, peopled with statues, looked "sad and strange," I thought, as we passed on.

Most of the people knew one another, and there was enough talk going on to allow some strangers like myself, who had been admitted to make up the number, to pass unnoticed in the dim light of occasional lamps, like shadows of the rest.

We went on to the iron doors, where there was a stand, and we were counted through like sheep, thirteen, neither more nor less; only Mr. Milton Smith, a sculptor of fame and fashion, attended as cicerone to the party, and to direct the torch-bearers in the proper artistical way, to throw the light.

There may be presentiments; but I believe in them no longer. Surely, in this case there should have been some consciousness

of the vicinity of two persons like us: the "us" never to be pronounced again.

I was soon in the wondrous world of art; forgetting the tattle about me, to listen only to the long silence of ages between me and the mysterious forms of beauty around.

I must tell you, that seeing the statues by torchlight is not a lighting up of the vast halls of the Vatican, but a covered light at the end of a pole, directed on each particular statue selected, so as to throw out its forms in strong relief of light and shade. The gigantic lanthorn seems more like a sheaf of wax candles, all lighted together; and it has to be several times renewed.

We had passed on thus to the Demosthenes—that noblest expression of the mastery of soul over body, of mind over mere form—with its clasped hands. Of course, they were originally firmly clasped, and not, as it is restored, holding the scroll. (What an appealing and commanding look!) Then to the lovely Venus Anadyomene, graceful and full of human coquettishness, a lovely and perfect Eve; but not a goddess like the Medicean Venus. Then came the Minerva Medica, passionless, calm, thoughtful, and "strong-minded." The Cupid genius of the Vatican, which arrested me, often as I had seen it before, even after the torch-bearers had marched off. What artist ever, before or since, conveyed to a face so childish such intensity of feeling, such divine compassion and love! I thought involuntarily of some of Fra Angelico's infant Christs, and then of Mrs. Browning's "Isobel's Child." But I will not fill my letter with art discussions. We passed on. Mr. Milton Smith was eloquent about restorations, and the young ladies fluttered about the torch like moths, asking small questions, and being told what to admire. In reality he was more eloquent than they deserved, and spoke like a true artist. We passed on to the Nile, fantastic as an old fairy tale, yet with the stern grandeur of the primeval time of art.

After this I saw no more. Listen, Lawrence! I had kept aloof from the group with more than my usual dread of acquaintance-making, looking past them, straight on to the lighted statues. But I was at last aware of a figure in the dusk, behind the torch-bearers, a lady, who seemed also detached from the rest, and to hang behind the party. I did not hear her speak to any one. She wore a dark, full cloak, which concealed her figure, and a large hat, with a deep veil-like lace round the edge, just thrown up in front so as not to impede her sight.

I should not have noticed her more than the others, but that just here, at the statue of

the Nile, I observed she was writing, or drawing, in a small book she held close to her eyes, and in which she was so much absorbed, that the party moved on, and left her alone almost in the dark. I then first observed, or fancied, she would not pass me, but lingered purposely out of the light of the torches. I walked slowly, and she more slowly still, and turned her head away when I looked back. At length not to be left entirely, she moved more quickly on, and passed me with her head averted.

As she passed something rang on the pavement, and rebounded to my feet. I picked it up, and felt, more than saw it was a gold bracelet belonging to —. What can one believe of presentiments and spiritual perceptions if, up to that moment, the idea had never occurred to me that the unknown lady was my wife?

For the last three years the sum which had been placed at my banker's for her use had been untouched, and I had lost this clue to her movements, about which, indeed, I had never inquired but as a reason for avoidance. The trinket I held in my hand identified her. It was of peculiar form. I had given it to her in the early days of our marriage, and she wore it always; all other costlier jewels she had proudly returned. There she stood, within arm's length of me, the woman who had wrecked my peace, destroyed my faith in all goodness; the woman whom I had once so idolized, that to lose her had

"Worked like madness in my brain."

With the bracelet in my hand I stood as if pierced by the serpents of Laocoon, equally forbidden by rigid convention to give any outward sign of pain.

I walked on, following the rest step by step, mechanically, as in a dream.

In the hall of the Apollo, fully lighted by the torch, the party remained together, and I could not resist one searching look at the laced hat. How could I have been so blind as not to recognize Queenie? The veiled hat was bent down and the face averted. The sloping shoulders had grown a little fuller, the figure more stately; but the peculiar grace of the small head and neck remained unaltered. As I looked, I felt I must rush to the end of the earth to avoid her, or clasp her to my heart.

The first shock of surprise over, I became anxious to restore the bracelet without having to come forward myself, so I gave it to the guide, pointing out the person who had dropped it. Perhaps, after all, she had not recognized me; and as I saw her receive it without looking round, I was almost annoyed that I had not given it myself, just to see how she would have looked.

Still lingering behind, I had watched the party till we came again to the gates, and so down the broad, sloping steps, where the torches were extinguished.

The carriages were in waiting; but in the sudden darkness I had lost sight of the veiled hat.

I stood there in the rain looking forlornly after the dispersing carriages; about six or seven fiacres drove up at once, and violent altercations arose as to which should take my excellency home.

You ask me to give you my impressions of Rome, and to remember that you have never been in Italy; but I cannot remain in Rome now. I shall try to make some inquiries without being known myself.

Unluckily, Harry Anstruther is here, and has constituted himself my shadow. You know what an exceedingly "inquiring mind" he has about other people's concerns. He is much in society, and such a gossip that I would not have him in my confidence for all the treasures of the Vatican.

I will write again, when I have any more information; in the mean time, address to me at the Poste Restante, Naples.

Yours faithfully,

GASPAR MONCKTON.

MY DEAREST MARY,—You are quite mistaken in supposing that I have "plenty of adventures" to tell you in my lonely and independent life; I have literally none. I think adventures are like bee-swarms, and require to be attracted by clappers, and bells, and noises, before they will settle; and there are so many oddities among the single women abroad, that one may do what one likes, and wear what one likes, without any other comment than that one is "forestiere;" and we certainly make full use of the privilege.

Oh, if time could go back; if all this lovely Italy, that I have dreamed of in my girlhood, could have come before me when I could have enjoyed it! Now it is but a cruel mockery.

It is now three years since I resolved to make myself independent of one, obligation to whom is a galling weight. To pursue art with real purpose I have come to Italy, and I am beginning only now to arrive at the flowery pastures of success after long and somewhat cheerless labor.

When I remember who it was that first taught me to think of art at all; whose refined taste and noble enthusiasm awakened all which is now turning to development in my mind; who made Italy a land of promise; and that now I should be here amid the glories of old Rome, and *alone*. Sometimes, dear Mary, I quite lose heart and hope, es-

pecially when I think that the very object to an artist, the most desirable,—fame,—I can only obtain through a pseudonyme. To be famous would be exceedingly inconvenient to me.

I had no idea, till lately, such a trial was in store for me; but since you insisted on my sending over my statue of Hermione for exhibition, which I consented to do under the modest name of Mrs. Stone, I have obtained more commissions from England than I can execute.

Living so utterly secluded as I do, I hardly knew the coil and care I should get into by an *alias*; but various little troubles occur, and one of the most serious is that of meeting former acquaintances. When the flights of English begin to gather on the Pincio, you cannot think with what horror I shrink from every round hat and blue veil; but I am, I believe, still comfortably unknown to fame and to studio-hunters.

These last are a genus as peculiar to Rome as the models sitting on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, and as teasing as the mosquitos in lighted rooms, with open windows, at night.

Sometimes they come in swarms, sometimes alone; sometimes to kill their own time, and always to devour that of the artist. They generally take the last hours of daylight, when you have a passing idea to fix on your clay or canvas, that makes you long for Joshua's power to keep the sun a little longer in the heavens.

The fatal ring comes at your studio door. If you are poor, you have to put down your palette, or your tools, and open it yourself with a sweet smile. If you have a servant, they sweep in, unannounced, brushing by your half-dry pictures with their founcces, chattering silly criticisms, or asking silly questions.

Those more especially who have learned the jargon of art (and who at Rome has not?) are still worse; they give advice as well as compliments and criticisms, and generally end by wishing they could afford the price you ought to have for such a work.

Thanks to my kind friend and master, Gisborne, I am delivered from these plagues of Egypt. He knows partly my circumstances; at least, he knows that I am separated from my husband, and determined to be independent of his charity. I cannot quite reconcile him to my strict incognito, "if," as he says, "I have nothing to be ashamed of." But how can I answer, and say, that I have nothing?

It is not Gasper, my husband once, but now my bitter enemy—if such a feeling can live in his noble heart as enmity—from whom I am seeking concealment. He, alas! would

go far away rather than encounter me. It is the man to whom I owe all the misery of my life, Charles Townshend.

To write this very name makes me turn round shuddering, lest I should see his face.

I have reason to believe that he is here in Rome, and that he chooses to remain unknown. If I had been a painter, instead of choosing sculpture, I should have struck my tent at once, but that I cannot do without great difficulty.

I go nowhere but to Gisborne's studio, early, when he is alone. Gisborne is a man so imbued with the genius of the old Greeks, that he ought to have been born amongst them. An original thinker, and an artist of first-rate genius, his quiet manner subdues all enthusiasm.

The beauty and grandeur of his works excite the highest admiration; but he has a kind of stern simplicity that makes one ashamed of expressing it. His kindness to me has been unvarying, and not the least part of it is, that he asks no questions.

I will write to you, dear Mary, as soon as I decide on any move, for I cannot bear to be anywhere that you may not know where to write to me.

Your most affectionate,
QUEENIE.

ROME, April 25th.

MY DEAR MARY,—I fear that I shall have to leave Rome, at least for a time. I am as if pursued by a phantom.

Let me tell you what passed at Mr. Gisborne's to-day. He is now engaged on a lovely group of a Nymph and Cupid. I admired the child, who is quite an infantine love. "Yes," said he, "the women all say it's my best work, because of that stupid baby—they understand the baby. By the by, I hope I have sold a work of yours for you this morning. Yes; I always said it does you great credit. Yes; the Child and Greyhound—that's a baby again! But it was not a woman who fell in love with the cast, and wants to have it in marble." "Who, then?" said I, a nameless terror creeping over me. "Oh, a foolish Englishman; he did not give his name, but he talked better than most foolish Englishmen. He asked your address." "You did not give it him! O dear Mr. Gisborne, you don't know the harm you may do me." I was in real distress.

The calm, stern artist looked at me a moment in mere surprise; then his eye softened, but he turned his head aside, and went on shaping a fold of his nymph's drapery.

"I don't know what is the mystery about you," he said, "and I don't want to know it!—I'd rather not. I hate romantic stories.

But you may be very sure, whenever you think I can do you any good—mind you, the least possible good or service—you shall tell it me. "Yes; but mind, I shall not encourage you to refuse a commission like this, without very good reason. I *did* give the address of your studio—why not? I think the foolish Englishman is to call to-morrow, at twelve o'clock; you can see him or not as you choose."

I immediately chose not to see him, though I said nothing. I do not know why the idea had taken hold of me so firmly that this was Townshend.

"But, Mr. Gisborne," said I, "what was he like, this foolish Englishman of yours?"

"Oh, that's only my way, you know; yes. He was not foolish at all; yes; on the contrary; and as to his looks, he had a very good head, and I should like to have made a bust of him—yes—an uncommonly fine head."

"Ah, yes," thought I, "people considered Townshend handsome;" and I was trying to elicit a more minute description, when a fashionable bonnet nodded from behind the half-opened door, and then the small studio was pervaded with voluminous flounces, the owner of the bonnet being a tall bony woman, with inquisitive sharp gray eyes and a hard, metallic voice.

"It's only me, dear Mr. Gisborne," said she; "I am not going to interrupt you, or take up your precious time; you know I'm not. I only wanted to remind you of your kind promise to come into tea this evening. I have asked your favorite —, and the lovely Australian, and the American poet, who will be so delighted to see you, and that German, and a few more, and Lady and the Miss Partridges; but don't be alarmed, it is no party, only quite artistic, you know. I know what you are going to say—you dine with the prince to-day, but that is nothing; you can come in as late as you like, and it will be so very interesting your telling us exactly what the prince said, and who was there, and whether he is allowed to drink as much wine as he likes, and if he is shy, and if he shakes hands with people." She did not pause for a reply till she had talked herself out of breath.

This was an inveterate studio-hunter, and I could have been amused at the quiet impossibility of the artist, evidently accustomed to these invasions, had not the voluble lady turned full upon me: "Surely, I ought to know this lady. We have met somewhere. Mr. Gisborne, will you not charitably make the introduction, and perhaps this evening I may have the pleasure of seeing your charming friend."

"I am afraid it will be impossible; I do

not go out," said I, resolutely; "I am an artist, and I have no time for society."

"An artist, and I have not the pleasure of knowing you! Do, pray, allow me to visit your studio. Perhaps you are going home now? Could I not accompany you? These studios are so difficult to find."

Here Gisborne gallantly came to the rescue; and in his dry way, half jest and half earnest, said, "No, I will not introduce you. I never introduce two ladies to each other. A gentleman to a lady, if you like, and let them take the consequences; but not two charming women; for the more charming they are the more spiteful, and I could not be answerable."

During this speech I made my escape and came straight home to write to you. Yes, Mary, I must leave Rome, at least for a time; for this state of disquietude and fear is intolerable. It takes my thoughts too forcibly back to a miserable and a happy past, which I was beginning to forget. I was so quiet and peaceful in my studio, and I *will* be again; these are but phantoms. No one has the right to invade my solitude; let them leave me at least that.

I am going this evening to join a party to see the Vatican statues by torchlight. There must be a certain number, the ominous one of thirteen, to get the permission. I am ashamed of the unreasonable fear I have everywhere now, of encountering Townshend. It is not very likely he would be of this party. I wish it were Carnival time, to wear a mask, but I shall make a veil do duty, and only hope the sharp gray eyes of this morning may not be there; but I cannot resist the lighting of the statues.

Farewell, dear friend. Direct to me, as usual, Poste Restante, as I always fetch my letters myself; and they will be safer left there in case of any sudden flitting.

Your ever affectionate,
QUEENIE.

From Sir Gaspar Monckton, to William
Lawrence, Esq.

ROME, May 15th.

DEAR LAWRENCE,—I write to you again from Rome. You may remember we were together when I was so struck with the statue of Hermione, last year. The sculptress, a Mrs. Stone (American, I think,) I have found out here; and besides a repetition of the Hermione, I have also secured a charming group of a Child and Greyhound by the same hand.

I saw it at Gisborne's (whose pupil she is), and have been to her studio. I did not see her, however, and I hear she lives a recluse life. Had my mind been less full of

these lately awakened painful memories, I should have interested myself in this artist.

Her studio is in an old palazzo. It is near St. John's Lateran, a queer desolate place, as if the doors would make the walls crumble into dust, as they move on the rusty hinges. You go into a court, overgrown with tufts of acanthus and long grass, with here and there large aloe plants with dwindling leaves, in broken stone vases, which leave the roots to dry up in the sun.

At one end of the court is a ruinous stone doorway leading to a long passage between two high walls, over which comes the scent of orange blossoms, and where you startle the green lizards as you pass. From this you enter the studio with its lofty, but time-discolored ceiling, and high windows open only to the sky.

It was like most other studios for the models, sketches, casts, lay figures, and tools; but at one corner of the spacious room there was a glass door leading into the old melancholy garden, and near this there was a table, with a vase of flowers, writing materials, some books, and an air of habitation that made me wish to see the owner. I had appointed to come; still I lingered in the place, and felt a calm relief in its extreme quiet; hearing only a dripping fountain in the garden, the chime of some church bells, and the whisper of the wind in the orange trees.

After all, who knows but these artist-women are the happiest? Choosing the ideal, rising even if it be only with butterfly wings, above the actual, instead of being broken and crushed against it.

I remember, long ago, dreaming of such a woman; an enlightened companion, an equal—a sympathy. I fancied this and chose, in an evil hour, a mere doll, with a classical face and a graceful turn of the head, who has had the power, nevertheless, to trample on my life, and tread out the light of it forever.

I had the curiosity to look at a book on the table, with a fresh flower in it to keep the place, as if it had been just laid down: it was "Aurora Leigh." "What!" I thought, "this poem, the most perfect of modern books, here, too?" Then I fell into a sad retrospect over poor Queenie.

Poor, weak, erring child! Who knows, if, instead of the frivolous life I made for her, I had been less afraid of scaring her childlike nature, and had nourished her with such intellectual food as that; if she had read such a book, I think she could not have been so lost. Well, God knows! It touched me wonderfully to see this favorite book of mine in this woman's hands. I lin-

gered and did not like to go. I asked the Italian *donna* at what time the lady would be at home? She did not know; she knew nothing—"Chi lo sa?" The lady never saw any one when she was at work, and she did not live at the studio. "Where did she live?" This she pretended not to understand, and I left the studio without any further information.

I have left the commission with Gisborne, if the eccentric artist will condescend to execute it. He seemed delighted at my praise of his pupil, but was as impenetrable as one of his own statues as to her history. I had not left my name at the studio of Mrs. Stone, but I left a note for her with Gisborne requesting the two statues, and enclosing a cheque on Jorlonia for £200 for whichever she should choose to commence first. I was anxious also to have an original idea of hers, and wished I could have seen her to give the commission—something out of the eternal bounds of the antique—Aurora Leigh (not the goddess Aurora) twining the ivy wreath in her hair, for instance. Nothing can be finer than her conception of Hermione. The calm, proud grief of misjudged innocence—the divine patience. It reminds one of Shelly's lines:—

"O sister, desolation is a delicate thing.
She looks as if waiting for that repose
Safe from unkindness more.
Meanwhile she sits a queen, whom
No one dare approach with consolation."

Just imagine my vexation and surprise, when a note came from Gisborne enclosing my cheque, and telling me that Mrs. Stone had no time at her disposal at present; that she was leaving Rome, and declined the commission.

Since I last wrote, I have had no tidings, no trace of the veiled hat. I should think that apparition a phantom of the brain were it not for the bracelet. Yet even that might be a delusion. There might be other gold and turquoise bracelets besides the one I seemed to recognize.

I leave Rome to-morrow for Naples.

Yours faithfully,
GASPAR MONCKTON.

ISCHIA, May 20th.

DEAREST MARY,—I seem to have had no time to breathe, much less to write, till I arrived here.

Safe at least from pursuit or avoidance for a time. Safe from interference. Safe to think and to despair.

Mary, who do you think was the generous patron that visited my studio? who had ad-

mired my works unknown? It was Gaspar—my husband, my beloved husband! He was there; he stood by the table and took up the book I was reading. Had it not been for my own absurd fear and avoidance of another person I should have been there. Yet, what would that have availed?—more pain and embarrassment to him and to me. I think I should have fallen to the earth with the anguish and the joy. For it *would* have been a joy, though a fearful one, to see him again. Yes, a joy any way; but especially if unseen myself, and so I might have been spared his look of scorn—dislike. Oh! that I could not bear. If I had only guessed it was he, I might have seen him from some screen or curtain. I should have heard his step, his voice, again.

Now that I can breathe, I am glad and cheered that he has seen my works and likes them so well. I have not toiled all this dreary time in vain. I am glad that he should recognize in me something of the woman he could have loved.

I wonder how I had strength to keep my secret, when dear Mr. Gisborne gave me the note he had received, containing the commission for me, and a draft for £200 to begin one. The instant I saw the handwriting I guessed all. I suppose I must have looked strangely, for Mr. Gisborne to notice me at all; still more, to offer me a seat. When I gave him back the draft, and entreated him to return it, he was very indignant. "You women folk!" said he; "it's just like you folly. Here you are getting to the top of the tree, and down you come again without touching the cherries."

"Better so, than fall," I said.

"But you will not fall. I say that you'll do; that you'll be great, if you persevere. You have genius, you have poetry, and the spirit of the ancients, and you refuse a commission like this, and from a well-known patron like Sir Gaspar Monckton! Get such crotchets out of your head, Mrs. Stone, or I shall give you up."

Something more in the same tone of friendly reproach he said, but I scarcely heard it, I was so overwhelmed with the discovery of Gaspar being so near. I might meet him at any moment, and see him turn away in scorn—in just contempt! I felt I must fly—I must leave Rome for a time, at least—and I came to Naples—beautiful Naples, sitting like a queen on the blue Mediterranean; but she looks best at a distance, like some other beauties. The glare, the heat, the noise, the crowded population of squalid *lazzaretti* oppressed my spirits; and, on the other hand, there was the gay world, as at Rome, to encounter and avoid.

The sapphire sea enticed me, and I came here. Here, at least, I have found rest and solitude—it is so still, so green, so dreamy! Nothing moves but the lizards by day and the fire-flies by night. There are no carriage roads, no carts or horses, and but very few pairs of shoes, so that literally you do not hear a foot-fall.

On landing at the little port of Ischia you have to go up a mountain road to Casamicola on donkeys—about an hour's ascent. The hotel, which, as yet, I have all to myself, is one of those extraordinary specimens of domestic architecture peculiarly Italian, and more peculiarly Neapolitan. Large, loose, slovenly houses, that look as if they were built of cards and toppling over. All staircases leading to nothing, and terraces with no way of getting to them; and rooms without windows and windows in walls without rooms; useless posts with nothing to support; and balconies that seem as if nothing supported them; stairs outside and flat roofs to walk on, if you like. This disjointed building seems to be kept together by a garden full of flowers and orange trees on one side, and a wide terrace overlooking the sea on the other.

Spring in Italy, with its thousand scented wild flowers, before the rich foliage is burnt by the heats, is indescribably delightful:—

"The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds."

Though I have been so long in Italy I never before felt that pleasure in merely breathing which I experience here.

Something like hope, too, is springing up in my heart. I have something to speculate on which is not all vague despair. I will do some work better than any I have done yet, and it shall be expressly for Gaspar. He shall have the others, too;—what is there I could do that he shall not have? Then they shall be sent to him at Hartley Court—his home, and once mine, forfeited forever! Perhaps he will place Hermione in his library. I know a place in an oriel window where he once said there should be a statue.

How intensely I remember the day he said so! We were walking loiteringly about the rooms together soon after he first took me there on our marriage. He had his arm in mine—a way he had—as a man rests his arm on that of a boy, seeming to lean, but in reality supporting.

We walked about thus together, through the rooms, stopping before the pictures, and he telling me their histories. I felt then how very ignorant I was; and, instead of listening at his feet like a child, as I longed to do, I disguised my real ignorance by flippant re-

marks. Even then began the fatal mistake of concealment.

It was the same with his books—rare volumes that he prized so much. Some of them I knew by name; and I had really read more than he, perhaps, thought I had. But the deadly fear lest he should think me ignorant tempted me to be superficial and false.

And he, too, was hard, though just; for, finding false coin among the gold, he threw the whole away as valueless.

But I am writing a volume instead of a letter, dearest Mary; you owe it to my holiday from work in this fairy island. I feel no longer alone. I think of Gaspar now as I have not for years dared to think of him. I feel more worthy of him though he will never know it. Sometimes—but that is only a fluttering, passing thought—I ask myself why I fled? What would have been the result if, in the artist he so admired, he had met the repudiated wife—despised and hated? No, I could not have borne it.

It was better to leave myself the power still to dream what might have been. Here the whole place is like a dream. You hear no noises but distant village sounds and songs—the pretty Neapolitan songs we sing in drawing-rooms. My room opens to the garden flushed with geraniums, lilies, roses—with myrtle hedges. Another door opens on a wide terrace overlooking the sea, where the

"Blue isles and distant mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light."

A boat is waiting now for the heat of the day to be over, to take me a sail among the other islands. I seem to have the whole place to myself. If I fancy going up the hills, a donkey stands in attendance for my *eccellenza*, and another for my maid, who always accompanies me. I do not think Gretchen would let me out of her sight among these barefooted *Italianische folk*. A cicerone, named Francesco, has constituted himself my particular attendant. By virtue of wearing shoes, he asked me a piastre and a half a day for his services; I declined paying more than half a piastre, that being too much. He instantly accepted it, saying, that he was a *galantuomo*, and though he might sometimes cheat men, and especially *forestieri*, he always told the truth to a woman. Honest Francesco! here he comes to tell me that the wind is changed, and it might not be so pleasant off Cape Miseno as he thought in the morning. This is because he has an inkling of *forestieri* coming in the afternoon, and would not like to be out of the way.

I hope my quiet will not be invaded here. I meant to wait till the summer heat had

driven away the English visitors from Rome, and then return to my dear studio, where I long to begin my new work.

Farewell, my dear Mary.

Your affectionate,
SOPHIA MONCKTON.

ISCHIA, May 27th.

MY DEAR MARY,—I really think I am in danger of an adventure at last. I have described to you the extreme quiet of this island, in spite of its three hotels and some mineral baths. When I returned from my ramble on the mountain last evening, I found that a set of apartments opening on a little garden terrace, where I had been drawing, seemed to be inhabited. I went to this terrace, where my drawing materials had been left, and stood there watching the effect of the clouds after sunset, and the distant glow of Vesuvius, as it grew darker. I suddenly perceived lights brought into the rooms opening on the terrace, which was an isolated bit of the strange, dislocated house.

As I was hastily collecting my colors and pencils, Francesco came out to help me; he had ceased to patronize me since I had discovered that he ought to have four carlini, instead of a piastre and a half a day. He told me *forestieri* were come, English lords, he believed. That his excellency up there was to give him three piastres a day, and my excellency must excuse him for declining to do any thing more for me. All this time I was looking for the sketch I had been doing, and it was not to be found.

I asked Francesco if he knew the name of the new arrivals. "Non lo so." Was it a family, ladies, or gentlemen? "Non lo so." Where did they come from? "Non lo so!"

This last *non lo so* was very suspicious, especially with the cunning look that accompanied it.

I found afterwards that he had been inquiring, as if merely for conversation, of Gretchen, where I had come from? how long I had been at Naples? and in return, she remarked, the *geschliffener kerk* would tell her nothing. Here in this fairy island there are no passports to give up, nor visitors' lists to write one's name in.

May 30.—I have kept my letter three days, dear Mary, for the simple reason, that post-offices, *restante* or otherwise, are unknown here, and one must send to Naples.

The adventure of the *forestieri* has died away; whoever they may be, they do not molest me. I have, of course, given up drawing on the terrace, but have never found my sketch. I see lights in the garden rooms, through the trees, and Francesco hovers

about, with an air of being very important. I fancy sometimes he is watching me, but it must be an imagination.

Farewell.

Your affectionate,

SOPHIA MONCKTON.

Charles Townshend to Arthur Smedley.

ISCHIA, May 28th.

DEAR SMEDLEY,—“Albeit unused to the writing mood,” I can’t help writing what I have to tell you. Eureka! Eureka! old fellow. The desire of my heart, the search of my life is found! You know who I mean; that divine, adorable witch, that archfiend and archangel—Queenie Leighton.

You don’t know her history, and what she has been about all this time—I don’t either quite, for she is as cunning as ten devils and *always was*. She knew what she was at when she threw me over years ago.

I had a notion of her being at Rome, and found it was a true one; but in the name of all Gipsydom and Bohemia, just imagine what my lady has turned her hand to. She is a sculptress, a pupil of the famous Gisborne, and no other than *the* Mrs. Stone who did that Hermione people were raving about last year.

I was rather at fault what to do, not being so sure how my lady would receive me, considering our *last* merry meeting. As a first step I thought it prudent to efface myself completely, and as Mistress Queenie had taken an *alias*, I would take one too. I did not care much for the society of Rome—dowagers, with diamonds and daughters, who all go in for the classical and the coliseum by moonlight. I had another special reason for not being known, for who should be at Rome but Monckton—Monckton himself. Whether he knows his wife is here, and is come to watch or seek her, it is impossible to guess. She kept herself so closely shut up it was difficult to find out any thing about her. I felt it would be useless to go slap-dash, and call upon her, and at last got tired of living incog. for nothing, so I came to Naples. There I found Leonard with his yacht, and have been about with him to Sicily and the islands—and got him to leave me here for a few days, attracted by its exceedingly beautiful scenery.

O ye gods and little fishes, who would have thought of such luck! A tall cunning-looking fellow of a *cicerone* got me up here on the back of an ass; the hotel seemed deserted, and I could choose my rooms. At one corner of a terrace overlooking the sea stood a table with a sketch-book and colors—a footmark in the desert! I asked who it was—“the Signora Inglese.” I looked

and saw her name written on a sketch, and could not resist taking possession of it. I instantly installed myself in the terrace room, and my first precaution was to pay the *valet de place* or *cicerone*, as he called himself, not to chatter. I made him understand that he is to answer no questions and find out all he can.

Nothing more to say at present.

Always yours,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

ISCHIA, June 5th.

DEAR SMEDLEY,—If you got a letter from me a week since, I need only tell you that nothing has happened, and I begin to get terribly *ennuyé*.

I have kept like a sentinel to my garden pavilion, which overlooks another terrace belonging to the rooms which she inhabits. I see her queenly figure as she stands looking over the sea in the moonlight. I watch her go out over the mountains with that same little German maid I always hated. I sometimes feel it impossible to withstand the longing to go and speak to her. That we should be in this queer enchanted castle of a place together, isolated from all the world, seems a stroke of destiny not to be thrown away; but I confess the next move makes me nervous. The moment I say “check to the queen!” the game may be lost.

Mistress Queenie has a long arrear of injury to settle with me. Vengeance is sweet, and such vengeance trebly sweet! Certainly my last attempt to renew acquaintance with her was any thing but felicitous, but she was then on good terms with her husband, and that makes all the difference. After all, she once liked me, and if she jilted me for a better *parti*, that was not my fault. Her marriage ended miserably, and, to a certain degree, she is again free. Still I might live here for a month longer, and never see her exquisite profile nearer than I do, as she stands on her terrace little dreaming who is so near her.

I sometimes think of trying a *coup-de-théâtre*, and falling suddenly at her feet, or starting from behind a rock in one of her rides, and seizing the bridle of her palfrey (i.e., donkey); but no, hang it, it wouldn’t do. I know well the look of superb disdain she would assume, and I have no disposition for a scene of “unhand me, sir!” After all, Smedley, she *might* think herself aggrieved, and consider me the cause of her separation; and then no wonder she is mad with me. I declare I feel I don’t know how, so oddly, when I see her stand there looking so pale, and sad, and altered, so that I should only

just like to know the rights of what she does think of me, before I go to India, and, at least part friends with her, if nothing else. I wish you were here, old fellow, to give me the benefit of your advice. Sometimes I think I am too modest and diffident, and that her sadness can never be for that stiff old husband of hers, but compunction for having deserted me.

A brilliant idea has occurred to me; to fall sick, and appeal to her compassion. A compatriot in distress at a lowly country inn—and there she should suddenly discover an old friend. I think she could not resist being at least civil to me. Per Bacco! I will try it; but it must not be long delayed, as I shall have to go straight from here to Malta, with Leonard, to join my regiment.

Farewell, old fellow.

Yours faithfully,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

P. S.—To beguile my ennui I have copied from the "Inn Album" the following lines. They come after various testimonials of satisfaction, such as "Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins have pleasure in declaring they experienced the greatest satisfaction at the hotel of Casamiciola. The cooking was good, and the charges moderate."

"A lovely spot; the attention of the landlord most pleasing, the donkeys excellent, and moderate charges."

"Marianna Smith, Bertha Brown, and Sabina Robinson."

"Poétiques Anglaises, natures délicates,
Si charmées de trouver les charges moderates,
Je vous donne une salade, et la donnant gratis,
Je suis sur d'obtenir vos plus doux souris
Et maintenant cansous et de la tarentelle,
De Casamiciola et de sa sentinelle,
Der Montpomea l'Hotel est excellent,
Sweet girl! Revez à moi dans votre appartement.

COMMIS VOYAGEUR."

You may guess I am hard up for amusement, and I shall certainly not hold out much longer.

In order to explain the foregoing correspondence, we must go back about seven years.

The scene is laid in a gay watering-place, where nothing is talked of but what goes under the name of gayety! the last ball, the next picnic, the newest fashions. It was a place spangled with officers, besprinkled with bouquets, rained on with champagne, warmed with wax-lights, cooled with ice-creams and the gales of sandal-wood fans, fed with pig-con-pies and lobster salads, and whose very

air breathed *patchouli*. It was the land of Coccagne for pretty young girls.

Here dwelt Mrs. Leighton, a still handsome, well-preserved widow, and her two pretty daughters. Mrs. Leighton's husband had been a younger son of good family, but very small fortune. She had been a watering-place belle, and to this vocation she brought up her daughters.

They fulfilled her utmost expectations, for they were both very pretty, and in different styles, which was a great blessing. Emma, the eldest, was a blonde, and wore her fair, abundant hair in ringlets; Sophia, the second, who rejoiced in the pet name of Queenie, was darker, had a Grecian profile, and wore braids.

By dint of some taste, and great economy and management, Mrs. Leighton and her daughters contrived to be the best-dressed women in Larkington. Their house was the prettiest, too, with its balconies lined with flowers, its muslin curtains, and imitation China bowls, imitation leather woodwork, and other ingenious deceptions. Their tea-fights were the most *recherché*, especially among the officers, with whom the widow and her daughters were immensely popular.

She was a charming chaperon, and could afford to be exceedingly good-natured to other people's daughters, having no jealousies for her own. She even introduced her girls' rejected partners to other girls not so fortunate in engagements. She could stand the longest mazurka, and the most interminable cotillon without yawning; she managed a picnic to perfection, and had a talent for contriving small parties agreeably, and asking people together who wished to meet each other.

Had she been a little richer, and more able to carry out the creations of her own genius, she would have been stupendous; as it was, she was only popular and nice. The Garibaldi of tea-fights.

She gave nice parties, was nice looking, and nicely dressed; her daughters were nice girls, they had a nice acquaintance, and a nice house, they had nice manners, and nice hair, and they were nicely brought up; and their good-nature to other girls (being so pretty themselves), was very nice. Besides this, they had no nonsense about them, and were good-natured to ensigns, and boys at private tutors; and all that was very nice.

With such an education, what could be expected of Queenie Leighton? She never heard an opinion expressed except of the outward—whether people were nice looking, and how much they had a year. She saw no difference in Sunday, but that it was the correct thing to go to church, and it gave an opportunity for wearing the best bonnet and the prettiest muslins. So they sat in their pew, stuffed up with crinoline, like three new wax dolls packed up in cotton.

But Queenie could read, and she had a natural taste for drawing, which no poonah painting or oriental tinting could destroy.

They did not subscribe to a library, for that would have been a useless expense; but Queenie often cleaned her gloves with Indian rubber, and her satin shoes with bread, that she might afford herself a book to read: taking the old because she got the most for her money, and beginning at the wrong end with novels,—the dessert before the dinner,—because she could get nothing else at the circulating library. But she began to think for herself, and it sent her eyes wandering sometimes far over the sea on the parade, and sometimes deep into the flowers of her bouquet at the ball, when she seemed to be listening to very small talk, propounded by most desirable partners in red coats.

"Queenie, dear," said Mrs. Leighton to her second daughter one morning in the schoolroom. This was a small room still so called; a temple dedicated to the arts and occult sciences; here it was that faded artificial flowers were refreshed with irons; here rosemary leaves were infused to give a lustre to the hair; here ribbons were renovated, and muslins restarched; here the mysteries of *potichomanie* and leather-work were carried on. Here it was, in short, that all unsightly litter was conveyed from the drawing-room; while music copying, elegant embroidery, unfinished drawings, were left in the said drawing-room, "to look as if one sat in it."

"Queenie, dear," said Mrs. Leighton, looking from making a new bow for a satin shoe; "what do you mean to do with Captain Townshend? I am sure he is going to propose."

"O mamma, I hope not!"

"Now, Queenie, don't say that! you put me out of patience; it is so very missish.

Not that I want you to accept him. He has very little money, and is dreadfully extravagant, and a great flirt. Very likely he wont propose after all, so you need not be alarmed."

"I only wish he would propose to me," said Emma; "I would not say no; he is such a nice man, so good-looking, and he does dance the *deux temps* so delightfully! Why, Queenie, didn't you dance with him four times at the Rooms? and he always engages you beforehand."

"Yes," said Queenie, "he is a very good partner, but—but that does not seem enough; do you think so, mamma?"

"Why, as to his being a first-rate *parti*, I don't think he is; many mothers would not encourage him."

"Oh, I don't mean about his being a good match; but I never have much to say to him; and then, don't you think him rather conceited?"

"No wonder, dear, for he is spoiled by the women, and is considered very handsome. However, say nothing more. I don't consider it a good match, though you might do worse; but he is a sort of man it does not do to have dangling about; so if you really don't like him, I shall not encourage his coming here so much. If you do, I think you had better bring him to the point at once."

"How, mamma?" said the girl, naïvely.

"Queenie, what a fool you are! With all your novel-reading, I hope you are not going to turn out romantic."

They were interrupted by a ringing at the door-bell, though it was long before visiting hours; and the small page (in a morning dishabille, redolent of lamp-cleaning and table-rubbing, and which called forth an exclamation of dismay from the trio), announced that Captain Townshend was in the drawing-room.

Emma's hair was imprisoned in certain machines that looked as if leeches were being applied to her forehead. Widow Leighton, who was always under arms, wore an elegant peignoir.

"Come, my Queenie," said she, "this visit is for you, so early too! Come with me, your hair looks very nice."

Captain Townshend's visit was, ostensibly, to invite the Leightons to a picnic. The day he mentioned for it they were engaged, but

he was sure he could get it changed; to have it without them would be impossible! He apologized for the early visit, in order to find them at home; he must go and arrange with the other people, and then come and let them know. This was agreed on; when might he come? This evening, perhaps, if they were not going out.

"Oh, no, and most happy to see you," said the mother.

"You forget we are going to the Borrowdales', mamma?" said Queenie, in a low voice.

"No, I don't, child; but we need not all go, or we need not go at all."

Queenie was silent; the handsome Captain Townshend looked killingly at her; she felt the look; she blushed deeply, painfully, but her heart gave no response.

"She's a deuced handsome girl!" thought Captain Townshend; "and I believe I must make up my mind to marry her."

In the evening he came. Emma went to the party, chaperoned by a friend, and only Queenie and her mother were at home.

It must be confessed that the conversation languished a little.

Captain Townshend sang Spanish songs; Mrs. Leighton was lively and good-natured as usual, but Queenie was absent and silent. She was trying her very best to fall in love with Captain Townshend.

She saw that he was good-looking, gentlemanly, and what is called agreeable, but the feeling of having nothing to say to him kept her silent. She could get on better at a party or a ball, with the flutter and excitement, and the hundred nothings of the hour; but now she was almost alone with him, for Mrs. Leighton had left them on the flowery balcony to a *tête-à-tête*, and was deeply absorbed in her worsted work. Queenie Leighton felt not the timidity of a young girl expecting a declaration, but mere *ennui*. She almost wished he would say his say, that she might refuse him, and have done with it.

As she stood in the balcony, idly picking the leaves from a geranium, he said, in his softest voice,—

"What a pretty hand you have! Is that a lava ring, and may I look at it?"

He took her hand, and after looking very closely at the ring, pressed the hand to his lips.

She flushed all over, and quickly drew her hand away; she stepped in from the balcony, looking red and distressed, and went to arrange some music on the piano.

"What have you said to Queenie?" said Mrs. Leighton, joining him on the balcony.

"Nothing," he replied; "but I should like to say something to *you*. Will you take me for a son-in-law? I have only five hundred a year now, but expectations, and all that sort of thing, as you may have heard, from my uncle. If Queenie would only like me; but I don't know what to make of her; I can't get on with her. Has she any other attachment?"

"Not the shadow of one! She cannot help liking you, dear Captain Townshend!"

"People generally do," he said, modestly, twirling the end of his moustache. "Shall I go away, and will you speak to her?"

"No; let it be now or never. I will stay here; go in, and speak to her yourself."

And so it was, strengthened by the mother's assurance that she had no other attachment and the consciousness of his own attractions, he spoke. He told her that he thought her the very nicest girl he ever knew; that her mother thought so too:—no, he did not mean that—he meant that her mother thought and he thought they had better marry. He wished to goodness she thought so, too! All his fate, his happiness or misery, depended on her saying "Yes."

She said not a word.

"Would she only speak, and make him the happiest of men?"

Still she said nothing; and Mrs. Leighton thought it advisable to re-appear.

"Queenie, my dear child," said she, "what is all this? I know better than you what you feel. Captain Townshend, don't you know that silence gives consent?"

He retained the hand that lay passive in his. He was not *quite* satisfied with the silence.

"Only one word, Queenie," he said; "do you love another?"

"No: oh, no," said she, faintly.

"Then you may possibly love me; at least, care a little for me?"

"Yes, yes; yes, of course!" said Mrs. Leighton. "And now, good-night. I must

send you away. You have made the poor child quite nervous."

He took her hand, and kissed it again; it was cold as marble, but was not withdrawn.

The beautiful Queenie Leighton was understood to be engaged to the handsome Captain Townshend.

People, even mothers and chaperons, were no longer afraid to say how beautiful she was, and even to hint they *had* thought she might make a better match. "She had been brought up as a beauty, poor thing, and was nothing else."

Queenie Leighton certainly was a very striking-looking girl; tall and slight, with a gazelle-like grace in the sloping shoulders and long throat; as a child, her large eyes had seemed too large for her small head and delicately cut features. They were splendid eyes, of the gray which sometimes seems dark and sometimes light, and would be too bright but for the long lashes that shaded them.

Her complexion was of that clear pure brown, with bright color in the cheeks, seldom seen but in Italians and gypsies.

The whispers behind fans went on. "Thank Heaven, their girls were not beauties; but they would make excellent wives: most sensible men were afraid of regular beauties. The Leighton girls were very much gone off. Emma looked well enough by candle-light, but was getting very sallow, and she had nothing but complexion; and even Queenie was looking thin and worn. No wonder: with all their gayety and dancing, the only wonder was how they could stand it. Of course, Mrs. Leighton was very glad to catch at an offer for one of them, bad as it was, for they had not a penny of their own."

While these comments were rife in Larkington, the two were always invited to parties together. Townshend idled his empty time at Widow Leighton's; but still, instead of affection growing with intimacy, Queenie's distaste for him augmented.

By degrees, the fact of their engagement being established, and the place at her side being always left to Captain Townshend, Queenie could no longer conceal from herself that she grew desperately tired of him, in spite of the conscious pride of being engaged, and to a man who made other girls

envy her, for our Queenie was not above such feelings at this period of her life.

This was the state of affairs when the winter balls were dying out; and with the spring, picnics began to bloom and flourish at Larkington.

One of these was proposed, arranged, and patronized by the popular Mrs. Leighton, which Emma Leighton declared would be lovely, Queenie thought would be nice, and Captain Townshend pronounced would be rather jolly.

It was to go to a country-seat some miles distant, not generally considered a show house, and therefore rather out of the routine of the Larkington picnics. The owner of the park not being "down," and one of the officers having obtained permission of the gamekeeper, the party were to dine in a fishing cottage near the river, in the woods.

Mrs. Leighton, in a bonnet of tender gray, stuffed inside with pale pink roses, a black lace shawl, and a sweet muslin, outdid herself in the arrangement of the day. Everybody went with everybody they wished to go with, nobody was left out who ought to have been invited, salt was not forgotten, and pigeon-pies did not preponderate; the day was such a day as might have come in a sigh from Italy: it was at the end of May.

The party had passed the culminating point of dinner; champagne had fizzed and flattened, and so had jests. There were complimentary speeches to the fair patroness of the picnic, and then toasts were given, and then exploring rambles were made in parties of two or four, a few sketch-books were produced: where was Queenie Leighton?

She had quietly escaped long before the rural repast had concluded, leaving her *fiancé* absorbed in tuning his guitar, which Mrs. Leighton had insisted on bringing.

Poor Queenie had darted away, half in childish impatience of *ennui*, half with still more childish longing to gather the flowers and explore the wild wood paths unrestrained and alone. She had a sketch-book, too—such a book as young ladies sometimes possess, with leaves of yellow and pink paper, and a very hard pencil; but this was only an excuse; so she walked on and on, getting as far away from the rest, and especially Captain Townshend, as she could.

During her extreme delight in the wild

beauty of the scenery, his presence by her side had more than usually jarred upon her sense. "What can it be," thought Queenie, "that makes me feel it is of no use telling him any of my thoughts, and still makes me keep thinking and wondering what I shall say next? He often says things to me that I should have thought too silly and commonplace to utter; but they sound very well. I wonder if I shall never think of any thing to say to him that he will care to hear, and whether I shall learn to care more for what he has to say to me?"

These speculations brought her to an opening in the wood-walk where there was a kind of rustic summer-house. It offered a subject for her pencil, as well as an excuse for her solitary walk; so she sat down on a turfy bank to sketch it.

After some little time looking intently at the closed blinds of the garden room, she fancied she heard a rustling movement within, and that the shutter was slightly opened; but looking again, all was so still she thought it must have been fancy, so she went on drawing; but instead of looking full into the window, she changed her position, and began another view. This time it was not fancy. The hinges of the shutters creaked, and she saw, indistinctly, in the shadow of the blind, the head of some one intently observing her. Although there was nothing very extraordinary in the circumstance, she had felt herself so completely alone that she started up suddenly in alarm; and in her haste to run away, caught her foot in the root of a tree, and fell.

Before she could extricate herself, a gentleman was at her side, assisting her to rise.

The stranger was not a very romantic-looking man; at least young ladies of Queenie's age would not be apt to think so, for he was nearly forty, and looked older. He was not so slim as heroes of romance generally are, nor was he so dark. His eyes were gray, deeply set, and peculiarly grave and thoughtful. There would have been something too austere in the carriage of the head and the tall figure but for the perfect beauty of the mouth and smile.

The words between the two were brief and commonplace, taking away even the romance of the occurrence.

"I came down last night, unexpectedly," said he; "but that need not the least dis-

turb you—your party, I mean. May I ask why you were wandering here, out of bounds?"

"Oh, I hardly know; it was so beautiful that I liked to be alone, and was getting tired at dinner." He took the sketch-book from her hand, glanced over it, and silently returned it. She felt slightly disappointed.

"I see you expected a compliment," said he, with his rare smile; "but, perhaps, you will know me better some time or other; and you will improve, too, upon these beginnings. I think there is talent in them; and then when you show me your book again, I will praise you to your heart's content?"

"Will you, indeed?" said the girl, glancing up to his face. The question and the look were involuntary, but as full of hope and reverence as if she saw an angel.

She was so beautiful at that moment that he looked at her with a certain strange surprise.

"Where do you live?" said he, at length.

"At Larkington."

"So near as ten miles, and I have never known you! never seen you! Strange."

"No," she was beginning, "not at all strange; it is not likely you—how should you?"

He did not seem to hear her, but repeated, "So near as ten miles." Then he laid his hand on hers as she held her book, and said, earnestly, "But *now*, now I may come and see you?"

There was quite a history in the poor girl's eyes as she looked at him—a long, searching, melancholy look; then she dropped her eyes, and said distinctly, "No!"

Sir Gaspar was piqued and interested.

"No," said he; "tell me why not? Have I scared you so very much, you cannot forgive me? No!"

"Forgive me," said she, "I hardly know why I was so rude: I did not mean it. Mamma would, of course, be pleased—"

"Pshaw! Mammams are always pleased!" said he, impatiently; "but why—why did you so clearly say 'No!'"

"Indeed, I did not mean it," said she, cruelly embarrassed; "but it is far, and I never hear of your coming over: not even to the balls."

"Not *even* to the balls," he said; "but that is no reason other inducements should

not bring me. I am bent on knowing you better: Are you positively resolved to say 'No' to that?"

At this moment little laughs were heard, and flitting muslins seen advancing among the trees.

"I will not detain you longer from your friends, and to say the truth, I cannot encounter a presentation; but, on Wednesday, I will ride over: that is, if you will allow me on Wednesday. Where do you live in Larkington? and, most essential of all, you have not yet told me your name."

"Sophia: but I am called Queenie Leighton. Any one will tell you my mother's house. Will you really come?"

"Will I? Why not?" He held her hand, and she looked up again into his eyes with that inexplicable look, so sad, so wistful; it touched him as he had never been touched before.

A voice sounded amongst the others that made her turn pale and snatch her hand away. He took refuge again in the summer-house, and she was lost quickly among the turns of the wood-walks.

When Queenie again met her betrothed, five minutes after, a whole world had risen up to part them. She said not one word of her adventure in the wood. Her sketch was passed round, and admired. Captain Townshend thought it very clever. "And I ought to know," said he, "for I have been out sketching with no end of people—artists, you know. I have a very good eye for sketching, only the perspective is so difficult, and I am so near-sighted. You, Queenie, really have a turn for it." With what an inward smile she remembered Monckton's silence.

When quietly at home, she told her mother of her new acquaintance.

Poor Queenie, if any thing could have crushed out the electric spark kindled in her heart of hearts, it would have been Widow Leighton's unequivocal delight.

Mrs. Leighton, after the first gush of delight at her daughter's more important conquest, was very much disposed to temporize, at least, till after the day on which the baronet had announced his visit. However, she did not object to Queenie's keeping her room with a cold, and thus avoiding Captain Townshend. It was a cold caught in sketch-

ing, which lasted till the Wednesday morning.

Sir Gaspar came. He was not a man to think of small prudences in general, and the most natural thing for him to have done would have been to ride up to Mrs. Leighton's door, throw his horse's bridle to the groom, and walk in; but a wonderful instinct told him that a whole world of gossipry would be stirred up by such a proceeding, which would fall, not on him, but on Queenie, so he rode first to the Victoria Hotel, asking where Mrs. Leighton lived, and leaving there his groom and horses. He never once thought of mothers and sisters and brothers, still less of lovers. He only thought of seeing again that beautiful face and that wistful look which had so captivated him.

Mrs. Leighton received Sir Gaspar Monckton in a faultless manner; if any thing, rather too deferential. Then came in Emma, who had to go out again and fetch Queenie, painfully, desperately shy.

Often as she had told herself, in these two intervening days, that the visit meant nothing, and was the most natural thing in the world, the moment she met again those speaking eyes, she felt in her inmost soul that she was beloved; and quite in another fashion from those ball-room flirtations, ending in matrimony, which she had been used to see.

She did not observe when her mother and Emma had disappeared, she was listening to the music of his voice; nor did he notice he was alone with her, for he had seemed alone with her all the time. He asked her how she came to be called Queenie, and said it suited her well; "but were you so haughty and queenlike when a child, to be called so?"

"I don't know; they used to call me Queen Bee, and then Queenie; one never knows how such names come and stay."

"Yes! you will never be any other than Queenie. You remember you told me at first your name was Queenie Leighton, and so it has been always in my head."

"Always!" said she; "but it is only two days since you knew my name at all."

"Two days! To you short enough, perhaps; to me longer than all my life before. Do you know, I never can call you any thing but Queenie. May I do so?"

Just at this moment the door opened, and

the small page announced "Captain Townshend."

Queenie changed from red to white, and from white to red. "If only he does not call me Queenie," thought she; her hand turning cold as she held it out to him.

"Is your cold quite well," said he; "I thought you were never coming out of your room; I called twice and you did not show."

"Yes, it is better—quite well, I mean, mamma—have you seen her?"

All this time he was looking inquiringly at Sir Gaspar, who, indeed, seemed scarcely conscious of his presence, except as something that made Queenie turn her eyes from his.

Fortunately for Queenie, Mrs. Leighton returned, and though vexed, she was never disconcerted. "Emma is gone into the garden," she said, in a marked manner, after shaking hands with Townshend, and wishing him and his red coat in the Red Sea.

"Emma! what the deuce is that to me?" he replied, *sotto voce*; "and who is your new friend?"

Before she could reply, Sir Gaspar had taken his hat. "It is well," said he, in a low voice to Queenie, "that I am reminded of other claims, or I should monopolize your society entirely; but before I go, I must entreat Mrs. Leighton's consent to a project I have, that you should pay another visit to Hartley Court, and very soon. I am a solitary old bachelor; but if Mrs. Leighton and your sister would come and spend a few days, I would invite some friends to meet you. Then you could sketch as much as you like."

Townshend opened his eyes and ears.

"How charming," said Mrs. Leighton; "we should like it extremely!"

"Then only choose your day; I must be in town again this week, but any day in the next I will come down and receive you. Would this day week suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Then it is settled; and Miss Queenie is to bring her sketch-book."

It was a wonderful effort of Chesterfieldism in the retired absent scholar—for such he was—to think of inviting the mother and sister, and still more to talk of friends to meet them. But of Townshend's entrance he thought no more than he would of a stop-

page in the road forcing him to ride round another way.

Mr. Leighton's refined tactics, therefore, in talking of Emma, were thrown away.

When he was gone, Townshend was full of curiosity; but he was easily answered for the nonce, and too well satisfied with himself to be afflicted with jealousy.

Now came the tug of war, and Widow Leighton showed herself an able general.

It certainly was a case quite contrary to the annals of all crossed and unsmooth loves, when fair young damsels of nineteen perversely refuse to place their affections on the rich suitor their mothers wish them to marry; but this state of affairs wonderfully facilitated matters, and the odds were too many against poor Captain Townshend.

He was regularly thrown over—floored—jilted—done (we cannot help using the expression of his brother officers in their many condolences), but all the blame was laid on Mrs. Leighton's manœuvring, and Queenie was pitied for being a victim.

Though our heroine's engagement to Townshend had long been a burden to her, she could not feel satisfied with herself for the manner of his dismissal. The more her feeling for Sir Gaspar strengthened, the more she understood the wrong she had done Townshend, and she felt more kindly towards him now than she had ever done, and longed to tell him so.

Townshend was wounded in his self-love, and also in what he called his affections, but he took his dismissal without even asking for an explanation from Queenie herself, which Mrs. Leighton thought a great relief, and "very nice of him." She was not without misgivings at Queenie's evident distress and compunction, and was especially glad to avoid the personal interview between them.

Her next great fear was that Sir Gaspar would hear of her daughter's engagement, which she earnestly recommended her never to confide to him. But she need not have feared that the gossip of Larkington would reach Sir Gaspar; who would ever have thought he might be interested in hearing that Captain Townshend of the —th was said to be engaged to one of the Leighton girls?"

The visit to Hartley Court was a source of delight, but also of trepidation to them all; the idea of visiting, of actually living, in

a grand place like that! Then the preparations, the dresses to be taken, the wonder who would be the friends invited to meet them, and whether Susan, the upper of their two maids who officiated as lady's maid to the three, would know how to behave in a "great house." Queenie's fears were no less, though of another kind. She feared to realize the great joy of being the chosen of such a man as Sir Gaspar Monckton; she feared that he would find her too ignorant, too inferior, or that he would perhaps hear of her engagement, and think of her no more. She remembered how little he had said, and she could only recall again and again that look in his earnest eyes which told her she was beloved.

These thoughts passed through their mind as they drove up the avenue to the grand entrance of Hartley Court, in a Larkington fly, and were received in the noble old hall by a most imposing-looking butler, supported by two or three footmen.

At the door of the library Sir Gaspar met them, and Queenie's hand was clasped in his, and all fears and trepidations, at least on her part, were over. The friends to meet them were not so alarmingly fashionable: Mr. Lawrence, an old college friend of Sir Gaspar's, with a plain looking wife, and the clergyman's family from the village, who came to dinner.

And thus the few days passed, and then another few days, and before the week was over, Queenie Leighton was betrothed, heart and hand this time, to Sir Gaspar Monckton.

The marriage took place in London, where the Leightons went on leaving Hartley Court, having many reasons for avoiding Larkington.

Queenie, the happiest and proudest of brides, and Monckton, the most enamored of bridegrooms, made but a short wedding tour, and then returned to his favorite Hartley Court. Their happiness seemed almost perfect; but, alas, all this time, a little cloud was floating in their horizon, destined to overwhelm them with ruin and desolation. This cloud was Concealment.

O wife! to whom your husband's affection is a precious treasure not to be lightly risked, avoid concealments. If he asks who gave you a bracelet, or a ring, or whose name is written in your book, tell him the truth, even if it involves a confession of some

bygone love. Let him trust you that it is over, just because you have no concealment; but do not say it was your sister or your mother on a birthday, or a friend of your brother's wrote his name; and then let him find out afterwards you could in a trifle deceive him.

They had been married two years. A son had been born to them, and the first sorrow Queenie had ever known was the death of this child. She could not rouse her spirits; they failed her utterly. Monckton, deeply as he felt their loss, was almost vexed at her continued despondency. He proposed passing a season in London, and invited her mother and sister to be their guests. Mrs. Leighton did not fail to encourage the plan of going to London. The idea of appearing there as the mother of Lady Monckton was a joyful vision not to be easily relinquished. "Such an advantage to Emma, too; she would be sure to marry well."

The scene, therefore, was now changed to a house in Belgravia, where Mrs. Leighton and Emma were on a visit to the Moncktons.

The season had far advanced. Balls and dinners had been given. Lady Monckton was established as a beauty, and her sister, in a different way, was exceedingly admired.

Queenie had recovered much of her cheerfulness, but it was Monckton now who was sad and gloomy. Accustomed as he was to a secluded life, the change worried and annoyed him. Queenie, who cared for no gaiety in which he did not share, would soon have given up a life which she saw did not please him; but her mother! how could she refuse invitations, and give up places of gaiety which gave her mother and sister so much pleasure, and to which she went because they would not have had the same invitations without her? Sir Gaspar never went to evening parties, and the hours she there spent without him were any thing but a pleasure.

Sir Gaspar intensely disliked Mrs. Leighton. Her small talk, her incessant discussion of small projects and plans, the breaking up of his domestic life by her presence, were all odious to him. And then a person he so disliked being the mother of his beloved Queenie, irritated him beyond every thing else.

In this state of feeling he, one afternoon, accompanied his wife to the Royal Academy.

The inevitable Mrs. Leighton was with them, but she was more than usually occupied by a new conquest of Emma's, a Mr. Staunton, whom she had caught sight of entering the rooms.

Queenie exceedingly enjoyed a visit to any picture-gallery with her husband. He was a man of refined taste in art, and his observation delighted and instructed her. Unfortunately she had not confidence enough to express her own opinions, which could not fail to have interested him, so she was content to listen and coincide.

They were examining together a picture which attracted a crowd of gazers, when Sir Gaspar's attention was arrested by a countenance he thought he had seen before, the face of a handsome man, so utterly absorbed in the contemplation of his wife, that he turned round to catch her eye, almost amused at the intense gaze of which she was evidently unaware.

He caught her eye, and directing her look said, "Do you know that man?"

Poor Queenie! what evil genius whispered her to decide her whole fate with such an answer, and only one word?

She said, "No."

It was Charles Townshend whom she instantly recognized, and yet she said, "No!"

Her emotion at seeing him so unexpectedly was mere surprise, and afterwards a sudden fear, and that fear made her say, "No;" made her lie to the one being in all the universe to whom she most wished to be truthful.

She turned away and put her arm in her husband's; it trembled so violently that he felt it. He looked wonderingly at her; she was pale as marble; then he looked round to see what had become of the stranger; what was his astonishment to find at the same moment Mrs. Leighton and Emma in the attitude of recognition with Townshend. It was one of those sudden meetings when the instant must decide. Mrs. Leighton's impulse was to greet him as an old friend. Emma did whatever her mother did.

"Look!" said Monckton, "look! you said you did not know him."

"No—yes—I had forgotten." Her confusion was painful; she could have sunk into the earth.

All this time Townshend was talking to her mother and sister, the best friends in the world.

Sir Gaspar dropped her arm and moved away.

"Gaspar, are you going? Will you not take us home?"

"No; I have to go to the House."

"Let me drive there with you, *do!* I wish to go home."

He went on through the rooms without looking back. She followed, heedless of any thing but her despair.

Yes, even then she would have made a desperate effort, she would have confessed her tacit duplicity, for such as it was, in the long concealment of her prior engagement. He must forgive her when he knew it was her love for him, her fear of its changing his feeling for her, that made her so afraid to tell him.

He went on, and was lost in the crowd. She could not, for worlds, go back to her mother and encounter Townshend, so she found the servant and carriage, drove straight home and sent the carriage back for her mother.

Sir Gaspar did not dine at home that day—he often dined out when Mrs. Leighton was with them; they were going to the opera in the evening.

Emma came into her sister's dressing-room before dinner. "O Queenie," said she, "only think of Townshend, poor Charles Townshend, being in London! Did you not see him at the exhibition, speaking to us? What do you mean to do? Shall you cut him? It will be very awkward and disagreeable if you do, for we shall meet him everywhere. Besides, he's an immense friend of Mr. Staunton."

"Emma, dear, it is so very painful to me to meet him—I cannot do it. And then, Gaspar, who knows nothing of our even being acquainted? Indeed, this morning, I said I did not know him."

Mrs. Leighton, who had come in during the dialogue, now interposed with, "Oh, then, it is all simple enough, he never *need* know any thing about it; and I have particular reasons for not cutting poor Townshend. I am sure it is not for *us* to cut him, poor fellow, if he is generous enough to forgive *us*."

And so it was settled. Queenie got entangled in a net of concealment and deception.

She had to explain to her husband that

she had not remembered Captain Townshend at first. This, she told him, and he forgot, or seemed to forget, her strange emotion at the exhibition.

Captain Townshend brought with him Mr. Staunton, a young man of large fortune, who was supposed to be struck with Emma, but had not declared himself. They came together to Lady Monckton's box that evening.

Sir Gaspar was not with them, but he was at the opera in a box opposite, and he saw the stranger of the Exhibition at Queenie's side. He could not see her face; above all he could not see her heart, or he would have read there her annoyance, vexation, dislike at the determination of Townshend to renew the acquaintance, and her resolution to let him see that she at least did not wish it. The husband only saw that the stranger who had gazed so long and ardently, and whom she had denied knowing, sat there at her side. And when they met afterwards not a word was said.

"Who was with them at the opera?" he asked.

"Mr. Staunton, Lord Vernon, Colonel Masters, and others," were named, *but no one else.*

Certainly Townshend must have been a vain fool if he mistook Queenie's manner to himself. She was no longer Queenie Leighton but Lady Monckton; that he could see plainly. But finding her so beautiful and so admired, he liked the notoriety of being seen with her, and he loved her too, with a curious mixture of passion and spite, and he longed to know if she had been influenced by her mother to give him up.

Now, Sir Gaspar Monckton's was the very reverse of a suspicious nature. Generous and confiding in those he loved, he was besides extremely unobservant and careless of trifling passing events. He had in his disposition an inherent abhorrence of untruth, that made him almost fastidiously intolerant of even conventional falsehoods. In his love for Queenie, he did not enough appreciate her powers of intellect, but he adored her innocent, candid nature; the idea of *her* deceiving him even in a trifle, almost maddened him, and, torture as it was, he determined to be convinced before he allowed such a possibility to enter his mind.

His friend Lawrence lived in the neighbor-

hood of Larkington. To him he wrote to find out what he could of his wife's antecedents; and the fact of her previous engagement to Captain Townshend was thus first made known to him. The wretched disenchantment stared him in the face. He had been the dupe of a manœuvring mother and a weak or wicked daughter. The miserable man staggered under the blow; it struck him to the heart. He had so loved, so trusted—and who would not have trusted *her*? Then came a thought, as if brought on the wings of an angel—the remembrance of that first meeting—her eyes melting into his, and that strange, wistful look, which afterwards haunted him. After all she might have loved him—she might not have loved that other! He caught at this faint hope as a drowning man, and it nerved him to the effort—the greatest for him to make—that he would wait, would observe longer, seeming to see nothing.

And so it went on. The stranger was presented to him. He heard the name, and knew it was the man who had been betrothed to his wife, and whom she had denied knowing.

He observed.

He saw that scarcely even the commonest courtesies passed between them; but what was that when *he* was present? As to Mrs. Leighton, he could not make out her game. He did not know that the price of her civilities to Townshend was, that the rich and silly Staunton, who took Townshend as a Mentor, should be induced to marry her eldest daughter, who began to hang on hand.

He observed.

He saw his wife's depression—he saw her wistful, anxious eyes turned on him—he surprised tears in them; but he set it down to the difficulties of a disappointed or guilty love for another.

One day he observed to some purpose. He saw Townshend slip a note into his wife's bouquet. That note he was determined to have before she saw it; and he succeeded. It contained only these words:—"I am unchanged—unchangeable. Why will you never allow me an opportunity of telling you so?"

This was at least a relief in one way: that whatever might be Townshend's audacity, it was not encouraged. From the reaction almost all his old trust in Queenie returned. She could not have loved that coxcomb, he

thought! And yet!—and yet! She was so very young; she had been clearly sacrificed to him, and she was doing her best, poor child, to be faithful.

He was in this gentler and more hopeful mood when the climax came that decided poor Queenie's fate.

The day was fixed for their return to Hartley Court—a day devoutly longed for by herself. Sir Gaspar had not invited her mother, though that lady had privately calculated on doing the honors of her son-in-law's country-seat to a select party of her own friends, including Staunton and, of course, Townshend.

In their Belgravian mansion Lady Monckton had a boudoir opening into a dressing-room, where she amused herself with painting, and never admitted visitors. She had an aversion to her beginnings and attempts being seen, and especially by the fastidious eye of her husband, and often laughingly excluded him from her studio, remembering his contempt for the pink and yellow sketch-book.

One morning that Queenie was out shopping, Townshend, paying one of his frequent calls, was in the drawing-room with Mrs. Leighton. That lady, telling him of her daughter's recent fancy for painting, offered to show him what she was about, under a promise of secrecy. She led the way to the sanctum, and he became ecstatic over a painting on the easel. Suddenly a step was heard, and Lady Monckton's voice on the stair, telling the servant she should not want the carriage again. Without a moment's thought, but that she was ashamed of the intrusion, Mrs. Leighton seized Townshend's arm and dragged him into the dressing-room, while Queenie entered at the other door. Mrs. Leighton made good her retreat without noticing whether he followed or not. He did not follow. There was a screen in the room which was too inviting a retreat; and there he remained concealed, the door standing open between the two rooms.

Queenie, unconscious that she was not alone, began to paint, having first thrown off her bonnet and shawl. She was attempting a composition of her own, and was extremely desirous her husband should not see it till in a more finished state.

Suddenly she heard his knock at the door of her boudoir.

"May I come in?"

"Oh, no, no! Pray don't come," she answered. "I can't have it seen. At least, wait one minute. Now you may!" She had turned the picture round, and now stood smiling as he came in.

What a face met her view—what haggard eyes—what livid paleness!

He searched the room with his glance.

"So you are alone!—you admit no one—no one—not even your husband!"

She looked bewildered. "Gaspar, dearest Gaspar, what is it? Are you ill? Why do you look so? You cannot really be angry about my foolish sketch! Here it is—look at it, if you like!"

She held it to him, but he dashed it down.

"False!—false from first to last!—and to seem so artless!—that is the worst! Tell me," said he, in a choking voice; "tell me, and I will believe you still—are you alone?"

"What can you mean?" she said, a horrible fear coming over her that he was mad.

He burst into a wild laugh. "Ha, ha! the door is locked outside, there is no escaping, no evading now; we shall see if you tell the truth?"

He took her by the arm into the dressing-room, tore down the screen, and there stood Townshend.

In an agony of bewilderment and terror she fell at her husband's feet; she felt as if it were some evil dream, a fate from which she had no power to extricate herself.

"O Gaspar, my husband, believe me, I know not what this means—how he came there I know not."

Sir Gaspar had recovered his outward self-control, and said with the calmness of despair.

"Be silent—words are worse than useless—words!"

"Sir Gaspar Monckton," said Townshend, "I implore you to believe—for Lady Monckton's sake I entreat it—that the merest accident, in short, a—quite unknown to Lady Monckton brought me here."

"Silence!" exclaimed Monckton. "Silence and hear me. You must be aware that from this moment Lady Monckton and I part—forever. If I have wronged you, as I may have done, in taking your affianced bride, I will restore her—by divorce."

"Oh, no, no, never!" exclaimed the wife; "I hate, I abhor him, I never loved him!—believe me, Gaspar—but you will not, how can

you ever believe me, now?" She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed, while the tears streamed through her fingers.

"Enough," said Gaspar, with a strange calmness; "For your sake and mine we will devour our agony alone, and not give it as an amusement to the world." He pointed to the door, with a lofty gesture, and Townshend left the room.

When they were alone his forced calmness had deserted him; he looked long at Queenie in silence, then said, in an altered voice, "O Queenie, Queenie! who could have believed you so false? But you denied that you ever knew him, and to me, to *me*. We part forever. All discussions—all explanations are useless—needless. All I can do for your comfort—apart from me—I will do. Every arrangement shall be made. All I ask is, that you will remember that you still bear my name, and will not disgrace it."

She was too heart-broken to be roused even by this last sting; she only wept in silence.

He passed from the door, and left her.

It was seven years from her marriage, and five from her separation, when the correspondence took place with which our story begins.

The "Mary" of the letters was a Mrs. Dacre, with whom Lady Monckton took refuge in her worse than widowhood. She was the widow of a celebrated artist, and a judicious as well as affectionate friend. She discovered and promoted Queenie's taste for art, and the occupation it gave her mind proved the best balm for sorrow.

Mrs. Leighton had succeeded in marrying her daughter Emma, though not to Mr. Staunton. Her son-in-law was a man of large fortune and small intellect, who was "something in the city" (she never divulged what), and whose name was Stubman; had a villa at Twickenham, and she took up her abode with them, which everybody thought a very nice arrangement, except, perhaps, Mr. Stubman himself.

This was a great relief to Lady Monckton, who was thus free from uncongenial companionship, without the self-reproach of neglecting her mother. The allowance settled on her by Sir Gaspar was ample, but when she discovered the possibility of supporting herself, she determined to do so.

In the world of small gentility, to which she had been accustomed all her life at Larkington, an artist who sold his works was not *genteel*; and remembering the only parting injunction Gaspar had given her, not to disgrace his name, she took another name when she went to Rome to study to be an artist in earnest.

In her intercourse with Mrs. Dacre, great as was their mutual confidence in each other, the painful subject of the separation was never discussed.

Queenie had made up her mind so entirely that she deserved her fate, and that her duplicity and concealment merited all she had suffered, that when she had alluded to her husband it was with a depth of penitence that almost misled Mrs. Dacre as to the extent of her errors, and the subject seemed so cruelly harrassing that she strictly avoided it.

Like many sensitive and reserved persons, Queenie wrote much more openly than she spoke. Living so entirely secluded a life, it was a relief to her to write long letters to one whose sympathy was never-failing; and it was in these letters from Rome that she at last confided to her friend the actual events which caused her separation.

Sometimes she poured out the anguish of her loving heart widowed by more than death. Sometimes she broke forth in indignation at the fatal wrong caused by no fault of hers; but never one word of blame attached to her husband. She still felt that circumstances were so against her, that added to her previous duplicity, no earthly power could undecieve him.

We will now resume the correspondence with a letter from Mrs. Dacre to Lady Monckton.

MY VERY DEAR SOPHIA,—I cannot sleep till I have answered your last most affecting letter. Why, why did you not tell me all this long ago? Who could have imagined that you have been suffering all these years of false accusation, and you have never even tried to justify yourself? Surely, you were wrong in allowing yourself to be so punished for one fault. True, it is a great fault. You say, yourself, it ought not to be forgiven. You call it "a lie between those who love—the one unpardonable sin"—but, dear child, you have surely atoned.

You say, that the details were so hateful to you, that you have never even tried to as-

certain by what means, or with what intention, the man so abhorrent to you contrived admittance to your dressing-room. That the whole was like a horrid dream, when the most incongruous occurrences do not surprise us; that you were struck with a stupor of despair, and then came on the fever, in which I found you; and in the delirium of which you could not bear your mother. All this I can understand; but is Sir Gaspar so proud, so hard, and has he so entirely ceased to love you, that no effort can be made, even now, to open his eyes to the injustice you have suffered?

Poor child, it is time your martyrdom should cease. I will come myself, if possible, and join you. I feel as if something ought and must be done.

How touching is your delight at your husband's admiration of your works! You say that you are repaid for all your toil and labor. A very woman, after all! Art should be its own reward, not fame, or even (though that is better) the approval of some one who is more than fame to us.

But I must conclude, for I am in haste to begin preparations to come and join you.

Your ever affectionate,

MARY DACRE.

P.S.—I direct this letter in your own name; why should you be afraid to claim it, and proudly, too? I write to the Poste Restante, Rome.

From Sir Gaspar Monckton to William Lawrence, Esq.

NAPLES, June 20th.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,—Since I last wrote to you from Rome, a change, the most joyful and important it is possible to imagine, has occurred to me.

I have found my wife, my adored Queenie! She is restored to me! I do not mean that I have seen her—that blessed moment is to come—but I have found her true, pure, sinned against, indeed, but never sinning.

That mysterious sculptress—Lawrence, my hand trembles while I write it—that woman, full of poetry and genius, is my wife, my Queenie. That, of course, is not enough, though it is much; for I have a theory that no true artist, or true poet, can be worthless or vicious.

But the way I discovered her was this. My letters from Rome were sent on to me here. There was one for "Lady Monckton." In my anxiety to know something of her, I could not resist opening the letter. Lawrence, I would send it to you, for it will explain all, but it is too precious to part with. It is addressed to her by Mrs. Dacre, your wife's friend, the widow of *The Dacre*. It is

an answer to some very confidential ones from poor Queenie—noble, ill-judged Queenie—fully justifying her; wondering only, as we must all wonder, she suffered in silence, and said nothing to clear herself. The one wrong that was on her conscience, that of having concealed from me her previous engagement, was cause enough, she thought, for all she had to suffer. O Queenie, my own love, how shall I ever repair all I have made her unjustly suffer!

I traced her to Naples, but found she had almost immediately left it for one of the islands. Capri I have already visited, and could find no trace of her. Still it was pleasant to think in those beautiful places she might be near me; or had lately passed through the same exquisite scenes. I am impatient for to-morrow, that I may go to Ischia; but as I wish you to get this as soon as possible, I shall despatch it first.

It is so strange a feeling, almost too happy to be true, that nothing separates us now but that strip of sea.

Yours, dear Lawrence,

Affectionately,

GASPAR MONCKTON.

When Gaspar landed from his boat on the shore of the beautiful island of Ischia, beset as usual by a tribe of facchini, guides, and donkey-drivers, Francesco, who was well paid by Captain Townshend to keep away all visitors from the mountain inn of the "Piccola Sentinella," very importunately insisted on conducting him to another hotel, still higher up the mountain path, dignified by the name of "La Grande Sentinella." Here he scarcely allowed himself to rest before he began his inquiries, a most difficult matter, for there were no names, no arrival books.

He was told there were very few *forestieri* in the island as yet. There were a "lady and gentleman" at the other hotel, who had been there some time.

"A lady and gentleman!" This seemed very hopeless, and he fell into a melancholy reverie, from which the glorious sights of sea and isles and vine-clad mountains failed to rouse him.

We must now return to Captain Townshend, who began to weary of his adventure, and who could not help suspecting that the moment he gave notice of his presence in any shape Lady Monckton would refuse to see him. The notion of falling sick he soon gave up. "She would merely send her maid, and, perhaps, a homœopathic dose;

and when she knows who I am, either she or I will have 'to quit the premises.'"

However, he could not quite resolve to retire without an attempt to break the ice, for there were still times when his vanity persuaded him she always loved him, and had been sacrificed. They had now been living at the same hotel, isolated from all the world, for about ten days.

In the evenings Queenie had a table and chair brought out on the terrace and sat reading or writing, or leaning over the low wall, watching the fire-flies flitting among the vineyards beneath, or the golden glow of the sunset on the sea, or the fishing-boats coming into the little harbor far below.

This close vicinity and the oddness of their position, by turns irritated, amused, and wearied him. He resolved to end it, but would not depart without one attempt to speak to Lady Monckton.

She stood leaning one evening over the terrace wall watching the sea.

A white sail in the offing, coming nearer and nearer, engaged that kind of unconscious attention which we give sometimes to outward objects when the thoughts are most earnestly abstracted. She was thinking of Gaspar, remembering some sketches of his near Naples, and trying to identify them with the scenery. How little she guessed that white sail was bringing near to her the object of her most anxious thoughts. She stood there dreaming, when the slight breeze that rose at sundown, fluttering among the vine leaves, caught the handkerchief in her hand, and carried it over the parapet into a court below. Suddenly, from the house a man rushed down the steps into the courtyard; she heard, rather than saw, that some one approached her. "The *forestiere*, no doubt, who kept so quiet, and seemed to avoid interfering with her." He, indeed, it was. She looked up; Townshend stood before her, with a strong effort at quiet indifference, presenting the handkerchief.

"Lady Monckton," he said, "we have been neighbors so long, do allow me the privilege of an old friend; let us be a little more neighborly."

All this time she was standing erect, her overpowering surprise overcome by her grand disdain.

Flushed with indignation, she exclaimed, "Friend! neighbor! Do you presume to

speak those words to me? Leave me, sir; leave me! Your presence is odious to me: you, and you alone, are the cause of my misery, my—my—" Here her voice was breaking into sobs, but she stopped to check them by a strong effort. The sight of her emotion gave him more courage.

"My dear child," said he, "be pacified; and let your majesty also recollect who it was that gave the first offence. It strikes me that I have the most right to complain; not that I ever thought of things turning out as they have done. You were engaged to me, and I loved you, when you gave me up for a better match. Don't turn away so contemptuously; hear me out. Of course, you were very right to obey your mamma. I entreat you stay, and hear me out; and don't look so awfully grand and majestic. I will go this minute, if you wish it; but I do want to explain that the last unlucky chance—"

"Chance, do you call it?" she said sternly.

"Yes, chance; it was as much an accident as ever happened. Your mother was afraid of your being vexed at her good-nature in showing me your painting; so she told me to go into that open door while you passed."

A shudder went through her frame and paled her cheek at the remembrance. She turned, and spoke with a strong effort.

"I hear you, Captain Townshend," she said. "I listen, because I am resolved to have that mystery cleared up which has ruined my happiness."

"It is no mystery. I have told you all; upon my honor, I have. I wish to goodness I could tell you, or at least that you would believe how grieved I have been for all that has happened since."

"What does it matter what I believe?" she said, so sadly she seemed to forget in her grief to whom she was speaking. "Who will make *him* believe? No, it is too late, miserably too late! And why are you here? why persecute me? why not leave me to the wretchedness you have caused?"

"If indeed you wish it, and I suppose you do, Queenie, I will go; but it is hard to think you hate the very sight of me; and I only wanted to tell you I was sorry. I only wanted you, if possible, to forgive me before I went away to India, and to ask you if any thing could be done or said to reconcile—"

"Oh! not by you, not by you, never, Charles Townshend; if ever you thought

you loved or cared for me, leave me now in peace. I will try to forgive you. If ever I—if ever I am happy again—I will quite forgive you; but do not imagine for one instant that my marriage was one of ambition, or that I ever understood the power of true affection when I accepted you. No; for that I should ask you to forgive me. I love my husband. I have never wavered one instant in my devotion to him. The one cruel mistake was that I ever concealed a thought from one who was worthy of all my confidence. He knew not of my engagement to you, and that was the cause of all."

The long-restrained grief was nearly choking her, but she bravely repressed her tears.

"Captain Townshend," she said, "I must know if you leave this evening, or, late as it is, I return to Naples."

His manner was quite changed to a grave respect. "Believe me, I do not wish to annoy you; I only wished to see and speak to you once, for I am on my way to India to join my regiment. I have waited here for ten days without having courage to approach. Will you not shake hands, and let me go at least forgiven?"

"Farewell," she said; "and God bless you; forgive me." She turned away without giving her hand, and walked gravely and sadly to her own rooms.

She entered.

The short twilight of the south left it already dusky and dim. She did not see who

stood in the room, but a voice suffocated with emotion, exclaimed, "My own, my Queenie!" and she was clasped in her husband's arms.

In the rapture of that meeting there was no surprise, no question, no explanation—none seemed needed; but with returning reflection, Queenie thought of Townshend, his proximity, his having lived under the same roof. Disengaging herself from Gaspar's embrace, she said, tremulously, "Again, again he is here; oh, how can I hope you will believe that this time I knew it not."

He smiled, and drew her again to his heart. "I have heard all," said he; "I was here, and heard all you said, but I should have believed you now; how unkind you were, my Queenie, not to have shaken hands with him. Come and do so now. I have no room in my heart for any thing but joy."

They looked out on the terrace, but Townshend was gone. Then Gaspar gave her the letter from Mary Dacre, which had proved so unconscious a vindication.

"Dear, good Mary!" she said; "and was this all that was needed, this slight friendly shock, to break down the strong prison walls between your heart and mine, Gaspar?"

"Say rather the slight thin blind, so perversely blown between us, shutting out from me both light and sun. O Queenie, had you said one word I should have believed you."

"How could I," she replied, "when I had forfeited my right to be believed?"

CHILDREN, GOODS, AND CHATTELS.—At the Westminster Police Court we are informed by the *Morning Post* that—

"Allen Fairrie Johnstone and Sarah Elliott were further examined charged with stealing a valuable child."

A dear child we often hear of; but a valuable child is something apparently new. The fact is, however, that Jane Smith, the valuable little article which Mr. Johnstone and Miss Elliott were accused of purloining, draws large audiences by singing at various concert-rooms. She being only five years old, her value consists in the attraction which she exerts on the more intelligent portion of the British public in the character of musical prodigy or phenomenon and infant wonder. For stealing a child of this value how would the indictment run? The accused might

perhaps be charged with having stolen, taken, and carried away one child, value £1,000, for instance. A singing baby is at least as valuable as a singing mouse; but if it were as dear as it is valuable, its friends would take care of it, and the way to do that is not to let it go about singing at concerts at a time when it ought to be playing at home, or lying fast asleep in bed. Valuable children who are allowed to ruin their health by excitement and want of natural rest are very apt to be lost, if they are not stolen.

Is the punishment for stealing a child, whether little or great value, as severe as that inflicted for stealing a sheep? The answer is not easy; for although numerous cases of kidnapping have occurred lately, the offenders, and especially the arch-offender, who stole the little Jew, appear all of them to have escaped justice.—*Punch*.

From The Dublin University Magazine.
THE ICE-BOUND SHIP AND THE DEAD ADMIRAL.

A LYRICAL FRAGMENT.

* * * * *
THREE things are stately found—
Yea, four (one saith) be comely in their going,
The lion, and the he-goat, and the hound,
And, with his flying flags, and bugles blowing,
The king, in harness, marching mailed and crowned:—

Stately is each of these;
But statelier still the battle ship,
When o'er the white line of the heavy seas,
Like stars o'er snow-crowned trees,
Storm-swayed and swung, its bright lights roll and dip.

And statelier yet again
The spirits of our sailor Englishmen,
Well pleased with their own ocean's manly roar;
They only fear the shore.

* * * * *
These things are stately found;
But when the lion slowly, slowly dies,
Never waxing well of his deep wound;
When the he-goat on the golden altar lies,
Fastened to it for a sacrifice;

When the baying of the hound
Nevermore beneath the hunter's glad blue skies
To the merry, merry bugle shall make full answer rise

On the field, or by the yellowing forest skirt,
Dying of a deadly hurt,
From the storm of chase apart,
With a horn thrust in his stout old heart;
When the king who marched forth mailed and crowned,

With roses rained from balconies, and clarions
ringing sound,

Hath red drops upon his battle shirt,
Bleeds away into his silver mail,
Sees his banners like a tattered sail,
And the oldest captain's cheek turns pale;
When those desperate horsemen charge and fail,

And himself is taken by the foe and bound;—
He-goat, lion, king, and hound,
Statelier far and nobler are ye found—
Statelier far and nobler thus—

Beauty and glory are less glorious,
Less beautiful than sorrow grand and true;
The steadfast will is more august than Fate,
And they who greatly suffer are more great
Than they who proudly do!

* * * * *
And when the man-of-war
No longer takes the tide on her dark hull,
Nor, like a sea bird, dippeth beautiful,
Bows under to the green seas rolling far;
And heareth nevermore the hardy tar,
The wind that singeth to the polar star
Humming and snoring through rigging and spar;

But like a grand and worn-out battle car,
The good ship rests, with crystals round the keel,
And frost-flowers hanging from the wheel.

And when the man-of-war

Rests ice-bemarbled, she is statelier there,
As the crusader cavern still and fair
With those white hands of prayer,
Is holier than the soldier fiery-souled
Glimmering in steel and gold,
O red cross knight! O red cross ship! enough
ye both have toiled.

And the funeral bell hath tolled,
And wave and battle both away have rolled,
The ocean's billow and the banner's fold,
The great white horses and the rider bold.
Ah! sea and war have now no troubling
breath.

Brave knight! good ship! ye surely are assoiled
By the great pardoner—Death!

* * * * *
Stately! but statelier yet,
What time the winter thy good ships beset
With ice-mailed meshes of his awful net,
And wondrously the summer sun went down,
Tiaraed with the shadow of the flame—
And night with horror of great darkness came
On her black horse, a veil upon her face,
Riding above his sunken crown—
But day's white palfrey kept not equal pace.*

Seal and bear, and walrus brown,
Were heard no longer on the floe,
Sledge or kayak of the Esquimaux
Come there never to that land of woe.
Ptarmigan and grouse were flecked with snow,
All the ivory gulls flapped far away;
Fox and hare, turned white and silver gray,
Crept in silence closer to the day.

Silence—silence—save the ice that growled
Save the wind that hammered the stiff shroud,
Or like lean dogs through the darkness howled,
Hunting on some weird and wolfish cloud.

Ah me! the wise men tell,
Who read the dark speech of the fossil well,
How in some age Æonian
The mild moons, as 'twere queens at play,
Shook out their splendors, like a silver fan,
And delicate ammonites boated in the bay,
And on the beach, through crimson-creeped
plant
And rainbow-colored shell, there trod the elephant.

At last an orange band,
Set in a dawn of ashen gray,
To things that winter in that dreadful land
Told, like a prophet, of the sun at hand;
And the light flickered like an angel's sword,
This way and that athwart the dark fiord:

And strangely colored fires
Played round magnificent cathedral spires.
Grandly by winter of the glacier built
With fretted shafts, by summer glory tipped,
And darkness was unmuffled and was ripped
Like crape from heaven's jewelled hilt.
Oh, those grand depths on depths that look like
Fate,

Awfully calm and uncompassionate;
Those nights that are but clasps, or rather say,
Bridges of silver flung from day to day;
That vault that deepens up, and endeth never,

* And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace,
The one on a palfrey blacke, the other white.

SPENSER: "Faerie Queen," canto vii.

That sea of starlit sky,
Broadening and brightening to infinity,
Where nothing trembles, suffers, weeps forever.
But still the ships were fast in the ice-field,
And while the midnight arctic sun outwheeled,
Thicker and thicker did Death's shadows fall
On the calm forehead of the Admiral.

O admiral! thou hadst a shrine
Of silver, not from any earthly mine,
Of silver ice divine—
A sacrament, but not of bread and wine.
Thou hadst the Book, the stars, in whose broad
skies

Are truths, and silences, and mysteries—
The love, which whoso loveth, never dies.

Brave hearts! he cannot stay:
Only at home ye will be sure to say
How he hath wrought, and sought, and found—
found what?

The bourn whence traveller returneth not!—

Ah no! 'tis only that his spirit high
Hath gone upon a new discovery,
A marvellous passage on a sea unbounded,
Blown by God's gentle breath;
But that the white sail of his soul hath rounded
The promontory—Death!

* * * * *

How shall we bury him?

Where shall we leave the old man lying?
With music in the distance dying—dying,
Among the arches of the Abbey grand and dim,
There, if we might, we would bury him;
And comrades of the sea should bear his pall;
And the great organ should let rise and fall
The requiem of Mozart, the Dead March in
Saul—

Then, silence all!
And yet far grandlier will we bury him.
Strike the ship-bell slowly—slowly—slowly!

Sailors! trail the colors half-mast high;
Leave him in the face of God most holy,
Underneath the vault of arctic sky.
Let the long, long darkness wrap him round,
By the long sunlight be his forehead crowned.

For cathedral panes ablaze with stories,
For the tapers in the nave and choir,
Give him lights auroral—give him glories,
Mingled of the rose and of the fire.
Let the wild winds, like chief mourners walk,
Let the stars burn o'er his catafalque.
Hush! for the breeze, and the white fog's swath-
ing sweep,

I cannot hear the simple service read,
Was it "earth to earth," the captain said,
Or "we commit his body to the deep,
Till seas give up their dead?"

* * * * *

Well pleased our island-mother seans,
As mothers of heroic children use,
In things like these her silent Inkermanns,
Her voiceless Trafalgars and Waterloos.

O trenches of the winter wild and black!
O Balakavas of the rolling pack!
O combats on the sledge, or in the yards,
Magnificent as marches of the Guards!
O drearer sights to see, and sounds to list,
Than Muscovite and gun, gray through the
morning mist!

Ye tell our England that of many a son
Deep agonies are suffered, high deeds done
Whereof is sparing memory or none,
That have eternity and deathless land
Before the starry threshold of our God;
And evermore in such she learns to read
The pledge of future deed.

* * * * *

Hush! be not overbold,
Who dares to talk about success
In presence of that solemn blessedness?
Who, but God, dares to give a martyr gold?

O high and stately things,
Are ye dead—defeated—still?
Is the lion silent on the hill?
Doth the he-goat lie before the fane,
All his glory dashed with a red stain.

Dropping from the heart's deep springs?
Is the good hound mute upon the track?
Is the mailed king borne through tears that fall
like rain,

Drums and banners muffled up in black?
Is the war-ship frozen up forever?
Shall the sailor see home's white cliffs never?
Hush! Oh, leave him in the darkness of the land.
Covered with the shadow of Christ's hand;
Leave him in the midnight arctic sun,
God's great light o'er duty nobly done,
God's great whiteness for the pardon won,
Leave him waiting for the setting of the Throne,
Leave him waiting for the trumpet to be blown.
In God's bosom, in a land unknown.

Leave him (he needeth no lament)
With suns, and nights, and snow,
Life's tragedy is more magnificent,
Ending with that sublime and silent woe.
'Tis well it should be so.

SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfil,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

—Chambers's Journal.

F. D.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Sept.
THE PERILS OF AUSTRIA.

FOR nearly half a century Austria has been engaged in building up a miniature likeness of herself at Naples. In other respects the success of the experiment has not been great, but in one way Austria is gaining now by what she has done. She has given herself a warning. In the ruin of Naples she can read the fate that threatens her. She sees how utterly the cunning of the Jesuits fails in the practical conduct of affairs, and how very slight is the thread with which loyalty binds even the portion of their subjects whom kings exert themselves to gratify. At Naples, too, is exhibited the fruitlessness of concessions made at the last moment, and the ease with which the most costly military force may melt away before the breath of popular enthusiasm. These things are a parable to Vienna, and every Austrian must ask himself whether it is possible that the issue can be different where the circumstances are so much alike. No political question that is now before the world approaches in importance the question whether Austria can survive the change through which she must pass. If she does not, an element of disturbance will be introduced into the balance of European power which will completely alter all the existing relations of the great nations. England, especially, is deeply interested in the preservation of an empire that can do her no possible harm, while it keeps France in check on the one side, and Russia on the other. The component members of the Austrian empire also feel how great a gain its existence is to each of its parts, and this is the one conspicuous difference that separates it from Naples. It is the wish of nine Neapolitans out of ten that the Bourbons should go away at once and forever; but none except a few enthusiasts are blind to the inconveniences which the immediate downfall of the Hapsburg dynasty would entail. Whether this feeling will be sufficiently powerful in favor of the emperor to counteract the bad effects of his granting concessions at the last hour, and of yielding to the threat of revolution, remains to be seen. That hope should still remain is the prerogative of a great power. A minor prince cannot repent on his political death-bed—he will be swept away by the revolution to which he yields; but the interests that are involved in the maintenance of a great power are so numerous, and the mode in which it appeals to the affections and sentiments are so various, that we can never be sure that it will fall until its ruin is actually accomplished.

That concessions must be made is now certain. The emperor has no choice, and he

has only to decide how much he will concede. The empire cannot provide the means of meeting its expenditure under the present system, and it has been exhausted by a war that cost considerably less than the war establishment of England costs in one year of peace. No more can be got out of the country by taxes unless new springs of industry are set to work, and so long as political confidence is not restored, the spirit of enterprise is wholly stagnant. Then there are no men left to work the system of repression. All, or almost all, the statesmen in whom the nation has any confidence are now openly committed to the cause of reform. It has been only by the most pressing personal entreaties that the emperor has induced General Benedek to remain at the head of affairs in Hungary, and a great change in the whole method of government has been virtually promised by the emperor himself. But what is to be the nature of this change? The committee appointed by the Great Council to report on this momentous point are agreed that the several provinces of the empire should have municipal independence, and that Austria should pass into the number of constitutional states. But there is a division of opinion as to the way in which this should be done. The majority think that the old historical constitutions of the provinces, and especially that of Hungary, should be restored, while the minority think that new constitutions adapted to the several provinces should be granted by the emperor. There is a great practical difference between the two courses. If the old constitutions are restored, Cæsar is brought under the law. There is a recognized standard not emanating from the emperor, by which the legality of the emperor's acts can be decided. But if the emperor gives the constitution, all flows from him. He can make and unmake; and the law which is his creature can be destroyed by its creator. The emperor has himself recognized and impressed on the memory of his subjects the great difference which separates the two origins of constitutional law. One of the first acts of his reign was to abrogate all the old constitutions of the empire, and to replace them by a new and uniform one. In a year or two the reaction was successful; the hour of the court nobles and of the Jesuits was come; and by a single stroke of his pen the emperor abolished the constitution he had granted. His subjects have taken this lesson to heart, and the majority of the committee only speak the indisputable sentiments of the Austrian provinces when they ask for the restoration of their old constitutions.

A practical experiment has also shown

that nothing short of the restoration of the historical constitutions will do. Last year the emperor issued an edict in favor of the Hungarian Protestants. It was a very fair and liberal measure for a sovereign who lives among the chief leaders of the Ultramontane party, but it would not work, because the Protestants declined to let it work. They had had a position guaranteed them by the old constitution, and they would accept nothing but a restoration to this position. The edict of toleration failed. Its object was to conciliate the Protestants, and it did not conciliate them. So, if political concessions are to be made, they must be such as will effect the objects of concessions. It is of no use to make a change at all unless it produces the one consequence that its author must desire. Unless the constitution which he grants wins back the confidence of his subjects, the emperor gains nothing by conceding it. It may be unfortunate that the provincials will not be satisfied unless they secure a government so difficult to work practically as a federation of independent states under the sovereignty of princes long accustomed to be absolute; but unless the provincials are satisfied, they will not develop the resources of the country, and unless the resources of the country are developed, the taxes will not be paid, and Austria will flounder through bankruptcy into utter decay. The historical constitutions will, therefore, in all probability, be restored within a very few weeks; but it may be possible to interpose a new representative body between the emperor and the independent provinces, so as to give unity to the empire. It has been the hope of all the well-wishers of Austria that the existing council of state might form the nucleus of such a body. Fortunately, the council is allowed on all sides to have done its work well, and the way is thus paved for an increase of its influence.

From The Press, 8 Sept.

THE AUSTRIAN DILEMMA.

If any proof were needed of the importance which is deservedly attached by Austria to the present crisis, it would be afforded by the conferences which are daily taking place at Vienna between Prince Metternich and Count Rechberg. The former has just arrived from Paris, it is needless to say the bearer "of the most pacific and friendly assurances" from the now repentant author of a certain uncivil speech to Baron Hubner. Since his arrival, Baron Prokesch, the Austrian internuncio at Constantinople, has been invited to complete the trio, and to take counsel upon the affairs of state. Austria has made up her mind to turn over a

new leaf in earnest. The scales have fallen from her eyes under the discipline of a bitter experience. She is awake to the innate weakness of her present position, and would seem to be sincerely desirous of abandoning a policy of isolation, which has been productive to her from the outset of nothing else but disaster and disgrace. For the first time since 1848 we perceive indications of a determination to profit by past mistakes which augurs well for the future of our ancient and natural ally. How far such good resolutions may have been ripened by the attitude assumed within the last few months by France is not for us to say. That the sheeplike instinct with which the minor German states have latterly clustered around the two leaders of their flock betokens an apprehension of coming danger, is clear to all observers. But Austria indisputably deserves credit for an earlier appreciation of her true interests than that which may be supposed to have been suggested to her by the now famous interview between Napoleon and the Prince of Prussia. The good work had been already begun before the abortive conference of Baden was first proposed, however much significance may have been imparted to it by a meeting which proved so eminently unsatisfactory to its original contriver.

If the emperor of Austria be persuaded to accept the programme which, it is understood, has been sketched out for him by his ministers, a great step in advance will have been gained. Two reports are now in existence, both emanating from the Committee of Twenty-one, and, as might be expected from what we know of its component elements, diametrically at variance with each other. To avoid the delay which would be occasioned by any direct attempt to harmonize the action of these opposing forces, it is suggested that a knot, which it might prove difficult enough to untie, should be cut by the summary interposition of the imperial authority. Francis Joseph would thus become the "*Deus ex machina*" who can alone prevent the indefinite adjournment of what it has become the fashion to term "the political regeneration of the empire." In his sovereign capacity, he has ample powers not only to grant the statutes of the provincial Diets, but accurately to define beforehand their precise rights and privileges, and thus to guarantee the autonomy which is so eagerly coveted by the separate provinces. Of course, such a concession implies the acknowledgment of Hungary as an independent kingdom,—a measure which would in all probability convert a principal-ity which has long been a thorn in the side of Austria into one of the chief bulwarks of

the empire. Upon the assembly of the Diets, in obedience to such a summons, it would be at their option to propose whatever "changes and modifications of proved necessity and utility" might occur to them in the course of their deliberations. The emperor would reserve to himself the right of vetoing any such propositions, but it is distinctly to be understood that his powers in this respect will not be exercised arbitrarily or capriciously. Contemporaneously with such an announcement would be promulgated the contemplated changes in the Electoral Law. The basis of the constituencies of the provincial Diets would be enlarged and defined by authority, while reforms of a similar kind would be made in the constitution of the enlarged council of the empire.

A sounder or more sensible policy than that embodied in the foregoing recommendations, or one more likely to unite together the shattered and fragmentary nationalities into which Austria has resolved herself, could not be enunciated. Its promulgation would ring the death-knell of the Bach-Schwarzenberg system of centralization, which has done such a world of mischief. It would go far at once to conciliate the alienated affections of Hungary, and to increase the attachment to their sovereign even of those provinces which have always been in the main loyal. We congratulate the Cabinet of Vienna upon its true appreciation of the exigencies of the moment, and we augur favorably of the success of measures the adoption of which has assuredly been dictated by the most momentous considerations.

So far, then, all is well. But there is proverbially a skeleton in every house, and it is assuredly not absent from that of the Hapsburgs. The short paragraph which immediately follows that which conveyed the gratifying news to which we have just alluded, lets the cat out of the bag with a vengeance. In it we are informed of the preparations which are on foot for the "expected attack upon Venetia." Like the loss of Calais in the case of our own Queen Mary, that of his fair realm of Lombardy is engraven upon the inmost heart of Francis Joseph. The iron has entered into his soul, and he is prepared to do battle to the death for the fragments which yet remain to him of his Italian kingdom. There we have no word breathed of a constitution which, if granted, would be made use of only to facilitate immediate annexation to Sardinia. Venetia is at the present moment the weak joint in the harness of Austria, nor is it one which has escaped the observation of her foes. To surrender it altogether would be to sacrifice the national honor. To retain it is to augment enormously the burdens of

the state, and to perpetuate the existence of a fertile source of peril and insecurity. At the present moment nothing short of martial law prevails in this ill-fated province. Placards by hundreds may cover the sides of the Rialto, but they will fail to recall the bone and sinew of the country which has gone to swell the ranks of Garibaldi. Taxes to the amount of sixty per cent upon the gross rental are no incentives to the prosperity of the country. The rulers wear the attitude of a conquering minority,—the ruled that of a people intimidated but not subdued. Were the affairs of Europe in a tolerably settled state, never was there a case which could be more appropriate for the efforts of diplomacy. As it is, we can but watch and wait, uncertain what events a day may bring forth. It is the curse of a tardy repentance that it so often comes too late to repair the effects of former transgressions. Such concessions as those now promised, if made two years ago would have satisfied all. Delayed until the present moment, it must remain a problem whether their undoubted liberality will avail to avert the impending catastrophe.

From The Spectator, 8 Sept.

GARIBALDI AND HUNGARY.

NEVER since modern history began has Italy appeared on the threshold of such a splendid future; but we can recall no situation where the dearest hopes of humanity have been threatened with frustration by so remarkable a combination of circumstances. In one sense Garibaldi seems to be on the point of opening the portal to that splendid Italian future; in another, Austria seems resolved to risk every thing in a conflict with the individual leader. Quite recently we have been re-assured on authority which seemed to bear the official impress of St. James', that Austria would not venture to take the initiative in any attack beyond her own frontiers; yet by various channels we have reports, confirmed by testimony which forbids our disbelief, that Austria is making such preparations as indicate a prompt attack, and we know well that the best informed on the other side of the British Channel believe in the imminence of a conflict between Austria and Italy. Why is this discrepancy?

The chief difficulty in comprehending the situation arises from the ignorance which, if we may be allowed the expression, is *acquired* by those who are educated to certain political views and habits. We English can hardly conceive the state of mind amongst those who direct the actions of countries diametrically differing from our own in their

political principles and administration. But the intelligence which is now daily becoming more and more patent to the world is disclosing the survival of passions and prejudices which we supposed to be obsolete, and in disclosing them, is preparing a way, we believe, at least we hope, for the final conflict.

With regard to the main facts there is not much question; let us recapitulate them. Step by step the national party in Italy has achieved thorough success. It has done so, as we have from time to time recorded, by favor of the incredulity and blind oppugnance of the Reactionary party. Successively we have seen the refusal of the federal principle suggested by D'Azeglio, and we have seen the conquest of Lombardy, the peace of Villafranca, the annexation of the duchies, the annexation of Romagna, and the conquest of Sicily; and now we are witnessing the conquest of Naples. In anticipation of each stage, the Reactionary party, represented by Austria, the Neapolitan Government, and the Pontificate, has refused the compromise proposed to it for that next stage; and the refusal has enabled the National party thus to extend its almost undisputed conquests. From being a roving adventurer, a condottiere in South America, Garibaldi became the military lieutenant of Mazzini, then commander of a merchant vessel, next member for Nice in the Piedmontese Parliament,—not always commanding the attention of the House; then the half-repudiated revolutionist of Sicily, next the deliverer, and at last Dictator of Sicily; then the deprecated disturber of Naples, next the triumphant captain marching towards the capital, and now on this 8th of September the idol not only of Italy, but of all Liberal Europe. Garibaldi enjoys the usual superabundant luck of successful men. He monopolizes all the credit of all that has happened in Italy. Some few of us may remember that there could have been no Italian nationality living in this present 1860, had it not been worked for in the closet, in the drawing-room, in the study,—by every means, of conversation, of writing, of art, of fiction, when D'Azeglio was regarded as a visionary enthusiast, and even Mazzini believed that the noble *littérateur* would never be the founder of the policy adopted and carried out by the peninsula. Possibly D'Azeglio would not have brought us where we are if he had not been aided by the chivalrous devotion of Charles Albert and afterwards of Victor Emmanuel, and by the extraordinary practical sagacity and determined energy of Cavour. But most certainly the ground which Garibaldi has traversed with this brilliant career of success had been prepared by the labors, the devotion, and the statesmanship of those his

predecessors. The Italian captain of our day may almost repeat the perpetually abused joke of Cæsar,—“Veni, vidi, vici.” Already he is the master of Southern Italy, and everybody foresees that within a few days he will be at Naples offering the southern kingdom as a gift to the master in whose name he carries on his chivalric conquests. The triumphant traveller has already carved his way into the highest ranks of the aristocracy of Europe. The court news-man is watching his motions, and we may daily expect to see in the universal *Morning Post*, amongst the “fashionable intelligence,” “the arrival of General Garibaldi and suite.”

So far we might consider the question of Italy fully settled. Why, then, this atmosphere of alarm, when we have such authentic assurance of safety? The master reason is, that all do not construe events as we construe them in this West of Europe, or as they are construed in Italy at large. The degree to which the opposite construction is maintained would be almost inconceivable to those who are not acquainted with the actual state of education amongst emperors and popes, cardinals and counts, and the whole red-tape statesmanship which still maintains a hold in Southern and Eastern Europe. The young emperor of Austria is yet not fully informed as to the actual situation; and the young king of Naples is even still shrouded in darkness. We know that even within the last few days those who are trusted by the king of Naples, as the most pious, the wisest and best counsellors, are representing that all the misfortunes which have befallen him are due to concessions unwisely made to revolutionary clamor. That Council, they tell him, which has been urging him to reform, was in itself the worst concession of all. These persons repeat to him that he should have refused to yield an inch; they point to his recent misfortunes as a proof of what he has called upon himself by neglecting their advice; and they are constantly urging him to renew his courage and to maintain his position manfully, putting his trust in Providence, the pope, and the Hapsburg emperor. It is difficult for the English mind to believe that men who can read and write, and yet hold such views, actually exist; still more difficult to believe that their counsels outweigh the counsels of those who point to insufficient concession as the true source of danger. But we have endeavored to describe facts, and we believe that we have not exaggerated them. Nay, from all the circumstances, many of which are before the public, we incline to think that the same counsels still hold good in Vienna as well as Naples, and dictate that policy of active hostility which is arousing the appre-

hensions of Central Europe. Nor is the policy entirely without strategical grounds to justify it. Austrianism is not simply insane; it has certain resources, it is acting upon certain calculations, and it is animated by the belief that its powers still exceed those arrayed against it. It is here that the future of Italy is menaced with destruction, although the storm threatens to burst at a distance from Italy.

We have at various times explained the anomalous condition of Christian Turkey; most curiously has our explanation been confirmed by the very latest intelligence which we have received from Turkey itself; and that information throws a flood of light upon the apparently, still more anomalous discrepancy of the highest authorities respecting the state of Italy. Austria is evidently expecting some attack from Garibaldi, and it has been supposed that the Genoese hero would be mad enough to beard the imperial power in the Quadrilateral position. The military preparations of Austria on the Piedmontese frontier were supposed to confirm that supposition, but erroneously. Although Austria is preparing to anticipate the attack by her own movements towards Italy, it is in altogether a different direction that she expects the attack upon herself. The oppressed condition of the Slavonian provinces has induced them to speculate in any change that might bring them rescue. During the Russian war and its sequel they lay in the bed of adversity with interesting bedfellows, and they found out a common interest which bound them up with the Slavonian provinces of Austria. The governments at Constantinople and Vienna are equally worthless, equally faithless. There is the greater sincerity at Constantinople, but the greater impotency; and Abd'ul-Medjid has not fulfilled his promises to his Christian subjects simply because he *cannot*. On the other hand, Russia was not the only champion whose debt Austria repaid with an "immense ingratitude." Excepting *perhaps* the Ban of Croatia, every Slavonian leader who assisted has his grievance. Everybody knows that the strict order observed throughout Hungary, recently, is one of the most appalling facts reported by General Benedek at head-quarters. There is reason to believe that the leaders of the Slavonian tribes surrounding Austria, have a common understanding with the actual leaders of Hungary at the present moment, and with General Klapka; and already, in the very centre of Christian Turkey, the name of Garibaldi is mentioned as a leader whose presence is the guarantee of victory. The knowledge of this combination comes upon us with no surprise; but it enables us

distinctly to understand why Austria should be preparing for aggressive hostilities, notwithstanding her pledge to maintain the principles of neutrality and non-intervention in Italy. Little as she might like to afford France a *casus belli*, or to provoke the practical opposition of England, it is possible that she may think even those calamities trifles, if, by taking the initiative and striking a blow in the Italian peninsula, she can cut short that career of Garibaldi, which might otherwise continue in Austrian states. It must be admitted that the calculation is not without its strategical force; but yet it may prove a miscalculation.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Sept.

NAPLES.

THE brilliant and uninterrupted career of Garibaldi has naturally produced a general confidence in his final success. The provincial insurrections in various parts of the kingdom, the demoralization of the Neapolitan army, and the helpless confusion of the royal councils, seem to render his progress comparatively easy. It has been asserted that he has announced his arrival in the capital for this very day; but it is hardly probable that such a leader should leave his troops to themselves while the enemy's strength is yet unbroken. In an enterprise such as the conquest of Naples, a prudent and experienced chief will hold that nothing is done while any thing remains to do. If the falling monarch has a particle of courage and a capable adviser, he may still prolong the struggle with a reasonable hope of checking his adversary. By retreating on Capua, as it is stated to be doing, the royal army may open communications with Lamoricière; and Garibaldi is still scarcely a match for 70,000 or 80,000 regular troops under a skilful and famous general. A battle in advance of the capital could scarcely fail to give a triumph to the invader, while a campaign in the north would leave many openings to fortune, with the ulterior prospect of engaging Austria in the quarrel if Sardinia entered openly into the contest. The Neapolitan despotism has so often fallen down like a house of cards that a tenacious resistance to the national movement can perhaps scarcely be expected; but Francis II. has already tried, without success, the promises which saved his father and his great-grandfather from deposition, and perhaps even a Spanish Bourbon may fight for his throne when there is no other prospect of saving it. By merely carrying on the war for a few months longer, the king would secure to himself a feeling of respect which has seldom been entertained for any member of his family. His

foreign regiments, at least, will fight for their flag, and, in conjunction with the papal mercenaries, they might, perhaps, retrieve the slur which cowardice and disaffection have cast on the Neapolitan arms. The reported decision of Garibaldi to advance at once to the capital may probably be attributed—if such was really his intention—to his fear of that retreat behind the walls of Capua which, it is said, has been actually determined upon.

The Count of Syracuse, who ought to be well informed, has given convincing proof of his own belief that the ship is sinking. His brother, the Count of Aquila, is said to have engaged in a reactionary plot, which may probably have been one of the least blamable acts of his life. An Artois or a Condé is better than a Jacobin Duke of Orleans; and Philip Egalité himself was but a distant kinsman of Louis XIV. The letter in which the king was advised to abdicate could only have proceeded from a Bourbon prince of the Spanish or Neapolitan branch; but the practical information which it conveys is more important than its hypocritical verbiage. A prince of the blood must have believed the head of his house to be in a desperate condition when he exhorted him to make room for Garibaldi, and to acquiesce in the results of universal suffrage. There was, perhaps, some ingenuity in assuming, many years ago, the position of a Neapolitan Louis Philippe, but the Count of Syracuse fully understands that Italy is not in arms for the purpose of substituting one Bourbon for another. Count Cavour may find it, under present circumstances, expedient to receive the fugitive with courtesy, but the political importance of the liberalized prince is confined to the testimony which he has borne to the hopelessness of the royal cause. The sham constitution and the baseless ministry of Martino have happily disappeared; and, unless the king should unexpectedly prove himself a man, the revolution is accomplished. The French pretender has seized the opportunity of advertising his own existence, but there is no proof that a single Muratist is to be found in Naples. It will be well if Italy takes warning from the correspondence in the *Moniteur*, of the uses to which the wretched device of universal suffrage may hereafter be applied. Garibaldi himself, with all his simple faith in popular nostrums, would be revolted by the scandal of an emancipated mob outvoting the sole author of its freedom. The title which springs from the ballot-box, while it represents the disfranchisement of patriotism and intelligence, will itself be always at the mercy of any casual majority.

The rumor of immediate interference on

the part of Piedmont, though it has proved to be premature, indicates a general conviction that the step cannot safely be delayed. After the occupation of Sicily, Garibaldi was clearly justified in his determination to retain in his own hands the power of invading the mainland. The immediate annexation of the island would have reduced the dictator once more to the condition of a mere adventurer, and the whole influence of continental diplomacy would, with the countenance of England itself, have been employed to support the absurd experiment of a Neapolitan constitution. It is not impossible that similar motives, combined with pardonable self-esteem, may incline Garibaldi, even after the reduction of Naples, to retain the anomalous power which he has so wonderfully attained. If he were a selfish, or even an ordinary chief, he might defeat the hopes of Italian unity which are principally due to his own exploits; but it is impossible to doubt his disinterested loyalty to his country, nor is his personal devotion to Victor Emmanuel a mere form or affectation. There is every ground for hoping that he will yield to reason; and the arguments which Count Cavour may urge in favor of immediate annexation ought to have irresistible force. Mazzini and his followers are already suggesting another solution, which would divide regenerated Italy into two hostile camps; and as long as the actual government is avowedly provisional, the republicans will have a pretext for urging their own theories. The only plausible objection to a fusion with Piedmont must be derived from the facility which the dictator would enjoy in pursuing his designs against the Roman provinces; but in Central Italy, whatever may be the origin of a war, it is impossible for the king of Sardinia to remain neutral. A victory won by Lamoricière over Garibaldi would be recognized throughout the north of the peninsula as a national defeat. The possession of the Romagna would be endangered, desertions from the army would commence, and the government would eventually be dragged into the contest, without any control over the policy of the war. As an independent chief, or as a Sardinian general, Garibaldi will assuredly be foremost in the struggle, nor will his glory be tarnished if the completion of his great purpose is due to his self-denial as well as to his prudent daring.

The position of the Piedmontese government is too embarrassing and questionable to last. Count Cavour's policy may be understood and appreciated in Italy, as, on the whole, far-sighted and patriotic, but it cannot be denied that his ambiguities of language and his infringements of international

law have created some scandal and much clamor in Europe. It would not be impossible to frame an apology for his conduct when he tolerated the despatch of reinforcements to Garibaldi, and, at the same time, maintained a formal peace with Naples. His character as an Italian statesman may cover his seeming obliquities in his capacity of a Piedmontese minister, for it is impossible, under present circumstances, to treat the separated portions of the nation as distinct political entities. Yet there is considerable danger in a policy which coincides neither with public law nor with the enthusiasm of national feeling. The representative of a great political revolution ought to occupy an intelligible position, and not only to do his duty, but to be seen to do it. There is nothing contrary to law or justice in the acceptance of sovereignty over a population which has deposed its former dynasty. The ruler of Parma and of Tuscany may, with equal right, include Sicily and Naples in his Italian kingdom; and if a further struggle with Austria is inevitable, it will be most fitly carried on under a recognized flag in the name of an organized and united nation.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Sept.

THE NEIGHBORS OF FRANCE.

It is the fortune, or misfortune, of the French government that its peculiar modes of action have suggested to large numbers of active spirits in Europe that a good thing may be made by doing its dirty work without express commission. Having so thoroughly adopted as its motto *rien n'est certain que l'imprévu*—having let it be seen that there is scarcely any thing which may not be expected from it—it tempts the political intriguers of all countries to do their best at guessing its next movement, and when they think they have guessed it, to do their best in helping it on. The anxiety to have the very profitable credit of being in the emperor's secrets, or (what is perhaps even more profitable) to have an excuse for making a claim on the emperor himself, is curiously visible in a certain class of French newspapers. The other day, the *Patrie* could not announce the probable expulsion of the king of Naples from his capital without calling attention to a paragraph in an obscure Lombard journal, which warned its readers that, if the Two Sicilies were annexed to Piedmont, the emperor of the French would be sure to demand the cession of the seaboard of Genoa and of the island of Sardinia. Just in the same spirit, the corresponding number of the *Constitutionnel*, in publishing the same news from Naples, significantly remarked that *all*

the *grands* of the house of Bourbon were destined to descend from their thrones. It is not necessary to suppose that these journalists had really received any hint that the French government intended to appropriate a further portion of Italy, or that it had designs on Spain; but at the same time, it is instructive to remark what sort of conjectures are made by those devoted servants of Napoleon the Third who have studied his policy with the keenest attention and have the strongest interest in appearing to have divined it correctly.

It is, we conceive, the same earnest desire on the part of certain unscrupulous adventurers to be beforehand with an ambitious government which explains the uneasiness of several continental countries on the subject of French political agents. There is scarcely a single country bordering on France in which the English traveller does not hear that delegates of the emperor are mixing themselves with the population, and preaching union with France as a panacea for all agricultural distresses, short crops, rainy summers, the oidium, and the taxes. The very general belief that such intrigues were going on had much to do in provoking the recent national demonstrations in Belgium. In the Rhine country, everybody is persuaded that French agents are hard at work, and in Spain the rumors of their activity in the provinces adjoining the French frontier have so disquieted the court that the queen, abandoning a while her habitual indolence, is forcing herself to make a progress among her subjects, which, from its entire novelty in Spain, may perhaps create some enthusiasm in favor of the reigning dynasty. It will not do either to laugh at these suspicions as entirely groundless, or, on the other hand, to suppose that everybody who preaches the blessings of annexation to France is paid out of the Secret-Service money of the French government. The probability is, that most of these so-called agents are persons who are investing capital in a speculation. A claim on the gratitude of the emperor may be made remunerative in a hundred ways, and the rewards which have just been lavished on the Savoyards who had the wit to be first in foreseeing the fate of their country are quite enough to dazzle the eyes of any Belgian, German, Spaniard, or Italian who may happen to consider a good place much more important than a fatherland. There are a few families in each of the countries included in the first French empire who retain the memory or the tradition of a former official connection with France, and these are the natural partisans of the Bonapartes; but the majority of the agitators who are causing such alarm

are probably only long-sighted place-hunters. The fact, however, that they do bestir themselves more than excuses the comparatively mild distrust which prevails in England. Some valuable lessons would be learned by the Englishmen who are almost furiously angry with their countrymen for not taking the emperor and M de Persigny exactly at their word, if they were to pass a few months in any one of the countries abutting on France. Spain, for example, would be an admirable school for them. None of the neighbors of France seems safer from attack. The attempt to subjugate her ruined the first French empire, and the population is one which it would be absolutely impossible to assimilate to the French. Yet not only are the more thinking classes of Spaniards extremely uneasy on the subject of France, but (what is a hundred times more significant) there are actually persons in Spain who are even now keeping their houses swept and garnished against the entry of the French armies.

It is not very safe to hazard any conjecture respecting the policy of the French government, but it may be reasonably supposed that, if it has any fixed intentions with reference to countries lying outside the "natural boundaries" of France, its wish is rather to keep them weak and divided than to appropriate their territory. That France cannot bear to have strong neighbors has been declared over and over again. This principle was expressly laid down as the justification of the acquisition of Savoy. M. de Persigny applied it the other day in the clearest language to Germany, and it no doubt inspires the repeated attempts to prevent, by menace or by cajolery, the arming of our own country. With reference to Spain, it is more likely that France will look with an unfriendly eye on the great advances in material prosperity which may confidently be expected from her, than that the Basque provinces will be torn away from her sovereignty. It may, indeed, be Spain which is after all destined to redress the balance of the Continent. After serving for centuries as the humble servant and whipping-boy of France, she was thoroughly broken of her habit of servility by the insane ambition of the first Napoleon, and, if she does ever re-assume the great place she once filled in the circle of European states, her efforts will probably be given to disappointing rather than to aiding the cupidity of her restless neighbor. While she is making sure and rapid advances to a position of great importance in Europe, it is important that she should not be driven to seek the diplomatic protection of France by inconsiderate language in England. The disrespectful tone

in which Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston are too apt to speak of her is quite unwarrantable, and leads one to doubt whether English ministers are in the least awake to the opportunities for forming new and strong alliances which Europe is supplying on all hands. There are few communities whose friendship could be obtained at so little expense as that of Spain. We have to make serious sacrifices in order to come to a cordial understanding with Italy or Germany. Italy can only be drawn to us by a policy which has undoubtedly the disadvantage of unsettling Europe to the profit of France. Germany can only be conciliated by shutting our eyes to the false position and unsound constitution of the Austrian monarchy. But Spain may be won by a few fair words. She wants nothing of us, and we have every interest in her pressing with the utmost rapidity towards the objects on which she has now fixed a steady gaze. It is time that there should be an end to a way of alluding to her in Parliament and addressing her in despatches which evidently dates from the epoch of Lord Palmerston's disappointment at the marriages of the queen and her sister. With a little cordiality, we may make her a firm friend, and even perform the miracle of turning her into a solvent debtor.

From The Press, 8 Sept.

CANADA AND THE NAPOLEONIC IDEA.

Nor even "Time's effacing fingers" avail, it seems, to remove the apparently natural antagonism of the Celtic and Teutonic races. A hundred years—that is, three generations of "clearly-articulating men"—have passed away since the French *habitans* of Lower Canada came under the mild rule of the British crown, and yet their hereditary prejudices remain as deeply rooted and as ineradicable as ever. One-eighteenth of the entire space of time which has sufficed to illumine the whole world with the rays of Christianity, and to construct out of the ruins of the Roman empire the existing polities of Europe, has failed to exercise any soothing influence over those bigoted and narrow-minded colonists. As it was in the days of the heroic Wolfe and the chivalrous Montcalm, so is it now, and so, we fear, will it ever be. The conquerors having lavished upon the conquered every benefit in their power, and having nothing further to bestow, it would be idle to ask for gratitude, or to expect forgiveness for unrequitable favors. And, after all, it is quite possible that these favors have never been justly appreciated simply because they were not adapted to the habits and temperament of

the recipients. What value would an urchin at a ragged-school attach to a rare edition of Shakspeare's plays? What would a deaf man care for a ticket to an oratorio, or a blind man for the most exquisite copy of Murillo's "Concepcion?" Possessed ourselves of a particular form of constitutional government, which has, so to speak, grown out of our national and individual character, we are wont to jump at the conclusion that it must be equally well-suited to every other race and section of mankind. In this respect we resemble the empiric who prescribes one universal specific for every possible variety of disease, and to all classes of patients. Now, the French Canadians are as little fitted by nature and tradition to govern themselves as the Maltese or the Ionians, or any other impulsive people that mistakes sentiment for instinct, doctrinairism for sagacity, and feverish excitability for genius. Were the *habitans* left entirely to themselves, it would be matter of very little importance whether they loved or hated their rulers, so long as they discharged all the duties of good citizenship, even though under protest. But the French colonists are both untrue to themselves, and the possible source of much future inconvenience to their too lenient protectors. They are untrue to themselves in that they place all manner of obstacles in the way of new settlers, and oppose by all means in their power the full development of the great natural resources of the fine country in which they are permitted to play the part of the dog in the manger. Unable of themselves to people or to cultivate the noble territory on which they remain, as it were, encamped, they prefer that wide tracts of fertile land should continue to be covered by primeval forests, rather than afford a proper field for the exercise of the industry and intelligence of British immigrants. Nor would they be always contented to offer a passive obstruction to the widening prosperity of their fellow-subjects. Indeed, they do not affect to disguise their hatred of the British supremacy, or their impatient looking to the time when they shall again, perchance, form a dependency of the French kingdom or empire. Their prayers are not very likely to be heard, or their wishes to be gratified, and it is certainly not for their own interest that they should be; but it is incumbent on our statesmen to take care that the commonwealth receive no injury through their foolish and treasonous intrigues.

In the event of a war between this country and France it may be in their power to cause us much embarrassment with regard to the safety of Upper Canada. Louis Napoleon, who not only makes war as a con-

spirator but also governs as one, has long been coquetting with these hybrid subjects of his truest and most faithful ally. Cape Breton is, in fact, a French station, and a squadron ostensibly for the purpose of protecting the boats engaged in the cod-fishery, but in reality to cultivate the friendship of the *habitans* and keep alive their national sympathies, is incessantly cruising in those waters. Busts and portraits of the emperor and empress are likewise continually being presented to the various institutes, while no opportunity is lost of reminding the colonists of their common religion by offerings at the shrines of the graven images before which bigot and infidel alike bow down and worship. It is also worthy of note, as significant of the organized system of political proselytism which characterizes the Napoleonic policy or "idea," that it was part of the imperial programme for the current year to have despatched the imperial "bagman," Prince Napoleon, to Canada, had not the visit of the Prince of Wales occurred to disconcert the embryo conspiracy. Had there been no occult object in view, nothing underhand projected, there was no reason why a simple individual, however exalted by accident, should not have made a tour through the Canadian provinces in the course of the present summer as well as in any other. It is true the imperial vanity might have been hurt by the contrast in the reception of the true prince and of "mon cousin," and so perhaps it is as well to have postponed for a few months this reconnoitring expedition. In the mean time, Prince Napoleon may mitigate his disappointment by visiting his newly purchased estate in Switzerland, and defer to another year the acquisition of a similar outpost or asylum in the land of the West. Verily, he doth well to make unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

From The Saturday Review, 8 Sept.
SYRIA.

FUAD PASHA is satisfying, with Asiatic liberality, the demand of the European nations for justice and vengeance. It is impossible to judge whether his impartiality is equal to his vigor, though it is in some degree assuring to hear that the sufferers include sons, brothers, and parents of the principal persons in Damascus. The most respectable heads of families may, perhaps, not have taken an active part themselves in the massacres, but it is more likely that many of the most guilty have escaped than that innocent victims have fallen. The execution of two hundred criminals at a time in England or France would excite natural horror; but,

even if it were possible to extend an equally active sympathy to remote and barbarous strangers, the necessity of a severe example would remove any scruple as to the exercise of retributive justice in Syria. The population will respect and fear an authority which asserts itself by a ready and frequent application of capital punishment. Imprisonment might leave room for hope, exile might in some cases be thought equivalent to promotion; and, in either case, the activity of the sultan's viceroy would be attributed to a desire of cajoling the Christian Powers; but the rope and the bullet are not to be explained away. The sound old doctrine of "blood for blood" has been republished in the most legible type in the streets and squares of the primeval city, and the lesson will not be useless if it only conveys the impression that the murder of Syrian Christians is, in the present state of the world, an unprofitable and dangerous illustration of the doctrines of Islam. It is indispensable that the work of justice should be crowned by the punishment of the chief criminals at Beyrout and Damascus. The villany of Kirschid and Ahmed is of a deeper dye than the ferocity of the rabble, and if the pashas escape, the salutary terror which may have been produced by the executions will be neutralized by suspicions of the insincerity of the government.

The French general will probably not regret that he has been anticipated in the discharge of the necessary duties of the hangman; but the energy of the Turkish commissioner will increase the difficulty of finding any legitimate employment for the foreign army. The Ottoman troops under the immediate command of Fuad himself appear to be loyal and trustworthy, and thus far not the smallest resistance has been offered to the Imperial will. The French contingent may easily plunder the Druse villages in the Lebanon, but neither the mountaineers nor the Arabs will give them an opportunity of victory in the field. The march on Damascus, if it is thought expedient, will be accomplished without opposition, and the Christians of the Latin communion will enjoy a temporary triumph over their Greek and Mahometan enemies. If any reliance is to be placed on the Emperor Napoleon's assurances, the expedition will only be useful in stimulating the lagging energies of Turkish officials. It is difficult to believe that an object so inadequate to popular expectation in France was originally contemplated by the government, but it would be useless and invidious to revive dreams of ambition which have probably collapsed. The difficulties of the Syrian question are sufficiently grave, even if all the great powers of Europe co-operate in good

faith for their removal or mitigation. No theory of non-interference can justify the toleration of crimes such as those which have recently disgraced Northern Syria, but it is not easy to deal with a state of society which includes all the possible elements of disorder. From various causes, the country has become the resort of numerous tribes who are divided by deep-rooted political and religious antipathies. The Christians appear to occupy the same moral level with the Mahometans, and the semi-pagan Druses probably constitute the most manly and improvable portion of the population. All the neighboring sects and races confine their rude systems of ethics to the duties which they owe to their own countrymen and co-religionists; and in the intervals of the great chronic feuds, Arabs are found fighting against Arabs, and Druse Sheikhs, like Highlanders of old, quarrel for the chieftainship of their villages or clans.

The only palliative for an anarchy so thoroughly inherent in the elements of society would be found in a vigorous and impartial despotism, and the government of Mehemet Ali was probably the best which has existed in Syria for some generations. His feeble successors would have relapsed into the ordinary eastern routine of administration, nor would they have possessed any facilities for pacifying the country except those which are equally at the disposal of the Porte. Weakness in the rude governments of the east is indistinguishable in its effects from deliberate wickedness. Any Mahometan ruler of Syria who was diffident of his own strength would probably pursue the Turkish policy of encouraging the feuds by which Druses and Maronites and Arabs weaken each other and themselves. The dishonesty and rapacity of provincial governors could only be corrected by an improvement in the spirit of the central administration, and there is no reason to suppose that the political fabric of Cairo is habitually sounder than the kindred system of Constantinople. The sultan has an interest in preserving the empire for his descendants, but the viceroys succeed one another by that worst of hereditary tenures which prefers the eldest collateral to the son of the deceased ruler. Every pasha avows, with Oriental cynicism, that it is not worth his while to introduce permanent improvement when he has only a life estate in the revenues of his province. Mehemet Ali, though unscrupulous and savage, so far approached to greatness as to possess the natural instinct of a ruler in favor of law and order; but his system was the indigenous despotism of Asia, which has never been able to maintain itself in vigor for three or four successive generations. As an outlying

Mahometan province, Syria seems destined to be misgoverned, and it is easier to point out the consequences in detail than to suggest any practicable alternative. If the country adjoined British India, it would be reduced to dependence and controlled by a military force. If it could be transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic, an anarchy like that of Mexico might ultimately be exchanged for annexation by colonists who would gradually drive out or exterminate the old inhabitants. In its actual position, the district is only accessible by sea, and if it were to submit to Christian supremacy it must become a French or English possession; but England has neither the wish nor the power to take possession of the country, and France has no practical genius for colonization. The extirpation of the old inhabitants would be tedious and scarcely justifiable, and there is little to be gained by enforcing order among them. Notwithstanding the prejudices of Romish missionaries in favor of a church which submits to the authority of the pope, French administrators would find that the Maronites were as remote as the Mahometans or the Druses from European habits of thought, either in religious or in secular matters. The Christianity of Asia, whether it assumes the Greek or the Latin type, has become altogether subordinate to the low civilization of the people. In Jerusalem itself, the pious votaries of the rival churches fight in front of the Holy Sepulchre with the candlesticks from the altar; and when the riot becomes serious, Turkish soldiers contemptuously suppress it by belaboring priests and laymen with the butt-ends of their muskets. French generals might preserve external peace by a permanent system of martial law, but they would not fuse the jarring tribes into an organic whole.

The assailants of the Turkish government prove with unanswerable force that the administration of Syria is imbecile and corrupt; but all arguments are useless when they end in the inference that something must be done. The most obvious "something," consisting in a French conquest of the country, is in the highest degree obnoxious to England and to the German powers, nor would it be conducive to the interest of France. A feebler and more impracticable measure has been proposed, in the form of a joint European commission of government. No contrivance could combine so many disadvantages both to the protecting powers and to the subjects of the anomalous league. The whole organization, in addition to other drawbacks, would be at the mercy of a quarrel which it would obviously tend to produce. Already the turbulent chiefs and tribes, like the Spartan or Athenian factions in ancient Greek cities, respectively affect to claim the patronage of England, of France, or of Russia; and their confidence would be more plausible if they could look for the aid of individual members in the composite and delegated Cabinet of Smyrna or Beyrout. The ambassadors at Constantinople, though their proper functions are not administrative, have seldom found it possible to dwell together in unity. A mixed commission, charged to protect Greeks, Latins, and Protestants against the Mahometans, and against one another, would inevitably explode at its first or second meeting. If no permanent improvement can be effected, it only remains to operate by influence, by diplomatic pressure, and, on exceptional occasions, by the use of actual force. If the world, and especially the Mahometan world, is far from perfect, the responsibility will scarcely fall upon England.

MARTIN's large oil pictures representing "The Last Judgment," "The Great Day of Wrath," and "The Plains of Heaven," after being exhibited in nearly every place of importance in the kingdom, are now shown in Mr. Mabley's gallery, 143, Strand. They are well worth seeing once more, if only to observe the extraordinary conceits it is possible for a painter of great imaginative faculty to be led into putting upon his canvas. All the great and good of the earth are represented rising through the

ground dressed "in their habits as they lived," and, per contra, all the naughty people are seen conveyed by rail (an interminable line) into the bottomless pit, and in palpable railway wagons properly directed London, Paris, Vienna, etc. Poor Popery, too, comes in for an awful share of doom, and kings and queens are being treated decidedly *à la pède*. Happily, this impossible kind of art can be numbered with the scales that have dropped from the eyes of our artists.—*Spectator*.